

Lance and Lasso, by Capt. Frederick Whittaker, commences next week.

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No. 231.

## SIX O'CLOCK.

BY FRED. C. GROSVENOR.

Up from the towering factory's side  
Looms the giant chimney stack,  
And over its gloomy top so tall,  
The thick smoke hangs like a funeral pall  
That pours from its summit black.  
Slowly the clock in the tower tolls six,  
And the echoes scarce are gone  
Ere the fearful shriek of the fiery steam,  
From the whistle's throat in a surging stream,  
Proclaims that the work is done.  
Oh! how it echoes and fills the air  
Like a demon's voice so shrill;  
But its roar is music to weary hearts,  
And a thought of home and joy imparts  
To the toilers in the mill.  
Now forth from the open doors they come,  
And out in the sunset ray;  
The day, with its ceaseless work is past,  
The blest relief has come at last—  
They haste on their homeward way.  
Sweet is the hour to the workman's heart  
That frees from the toil and strife,  
As with gladness he turns his back  
On the gloomy mill and its chimney black,  
For his home and the cheery wife.

## The Moor-Captives:

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE YOUNG LADIES.

### CHAPTER IV.

AN INTERVIEW AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

MISS KATE O'BYRNE was down early to breakfast. Such an event had not happened to her mamma since the poor admiral's death. The delicacy of her constitution rendered it absolutely necessary that she should remain in bed, and there consume her maternal tea and toast.

Kate was a healthy, sparkling girl, who was not ashamed to enjoy the morning meal.

On the present occasion she had other reasons for being down at an early hour.

Strong as was her sympathy with her cousins, her own feelings influenced her still more. The idea of marriage with Sir Thomas Harcourt, a man as old as her prematurely-deceased father, was in itself objectionable.

But not only did she dislike the man almost to loathing, but in a secret corner of her heart there was a fluttering hope that a certain young gentleman was not indifferent to the influence of her charms.

No engagement existed, Kate being so very young when he last sailed for the Mediterranean. But there was an innate conviction in her own mind that a declaration was only deferred.

It may be imagined, then, that it was with a slightly heightened color that she received an intimation that Lieutenant Lionel Montague desired to speak with Miss O'Byrne.

She cast one glance at herself in the mirror, another at her elegant morning costume, and bade the maid-servant admit him.

But whatever her secret feelings might be, Miss O'Byrne was a very well-bred young lady, and properly tutored in the world's ways.

"Welcome home, cousin Lionel," she said, extending her hand. "I am pleased to be the first to welcome you."

"Thank you, my dear Kate; but what is all this dreadful story about Edith and Jessie?" he replied, drawing her to a lounge, and seating himself beside her. "Her letter is very full, but written hastily."

"It means that Sir Thomas is a wicked old tyrant; but as we have no time to lose," answered Kate, "I will tell you all that passed yesterday."

"I am all attention. Sir Thomas will rue the day he plays any tricks with my sister," he continued.

"Listen," said Kate, gravely, and the frank young daughter of the noble and gallant Irish sailor told her story clearly.

Lionel listened with deep attention, only once or twice interrupting.

Kate at last came to that part which had reference to Sir Thomas's designs on herself.

This she told with blushes and bowed head.

Lionel jumped to his feet.

"The rascally old idiot! I'll—I'll—he began, in hot and angry accents.

"Hear me out, Lionel; there is little more to tell," she said, with an arch smile. And she finished her narrative.

"But you will never listen to that man's project—never ally yourself with Sir Thomas, the lying hypocrite!" cried Lionel.

"Never!" was her emphatic reply.

"Senseless old idiot!" went on the irate young naval officer; "excuse me, my dear Kate, if I am somewhat rude—but the very idea makes me mad."

"Such an absurd notion," cried Kate, with a little half laugh which was almost hysterical.

There was a very peculiar look in the face of Lionel Montague, that made her heart leap to her mouth, as is popularly said.

"The fact is, Kate, I didn't mean to speak so suddenly, so soon; but I had hoped—at least I have thought ever since my last visit—that—that—and she stammered out something which was wholly unintelligible.

"What, Lionel?" said Kate, as calmly as possible.

"I'm a bad hand at making a speech—always was—never could put twenty words together; but I love you dearly, Kate, and did hope some day to ask you to be my wife," he added, taking her hand gently, and holding it in his.

"Lionel," she cried, "I thought you looked on me merely as a cousin."

"My own precious darling," he answered,



A powerful fist hit him in the face, and he fell like a helpless log on the pavement.

"I love you with my whole heart and soul. I am but a poor officer, with little beyond my pay—while you are a rich heiress. Will you forgive me, dearest? You are weeping."

"With joy, Lionel," she said, turning her bright and beaming face—a tear-drop trembling like the dew upon a rosebud—up to his.

"Under other circumstances I should not be so open or explicit; but we have much to consider, and when I am free from control, if you ask me again—well, Lionel, I will not be coy or coquettish—this poor hand shall be yours."

We suppose most of our readers will imagine for themselves the nature of the reply.

"Now, Lionel, do be reasonable," she said, after a few minutes given to love's exquisite joy. "Unless we come to an understanding at once, we shall not get them out of Sir Thomas's clutches."

"I will be with him in his den," he said.

He is their legal guardian, and unless they are removed from his custody by stealth, he will force them into these cruel marriages."

"But where can they go? I am off in two days. My passengers go on board to-morrow," mused Lionel.

"I have it! They must go under Mrs. Bacon's charge to Malta. She is a most excellent lady. Her husband is a general, and in her house they will be safe."

"But they can not get out of the house, except clandestinely, and in disguise," urged Kate. "Now what disguises can they assume to deceive a spy outside?"

"I have it! The outfit of two young gentlemen—middles, was sent to my place yesterday. Couldn't you make them up so as to pass muster?"

Kate smiled rather provokingly.

"Certainly they would not be suspected. But how can the disguises be taken to them?"

"What is it, Mary?" addressing a girl who entered, after knocking two or three times.

"Mademoiselle Fanchette—"

"Take her into the library," answered Kate. "Here is our only chance. Go, fetch the parcel. Do it up as tightly as possible, and she shall take it. Leave all the rest to me."

And she pushed Lionel out in her eagerness to carry out her audacious plan of escape.

Kate was very gracious with the affected but good-natured French milliner, and gave her a very large order both for herself and mother.

During her minority her allowance was princely.

"I want you to do me a favor," she said at last, while paying an old account, much to the surprise of the woman, who had been apt to find Mrs. Admiral O'Byrne rather dilatory about her accounts.

"Veeth plaizure," she answered.

"I want to send a letter from Lieutenant Montague to his sister Edith with a present. You know Sir Thomas and my cousin are not friends."

"Vot a horror! Such a fine young man!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Fanchette. "I go zere veeth some of ze trousseau."

"You will say nothing to Sir Thomas. I will have the other bonnet as well," she added, carelessly.

"It will suit you charming, Mees," cried the milliner.

Lieutenant Montague was now announced,

and a couple of bundles were brought in by the maid.

They were rather more extensive than Mademoiselle Fanchette expected.

But then she had her fly at the door, and her large light boxes.

"You will give this letter to my sister privately," said the young man.

"My left hand shall not know vot my right hand do," she replied; "leave me alone for dat."

And with all the cringing grace of her profession she bowed herself out.

"If all goes well," said Kate, when they were again alone, "they must escape to-night. I will go round in the afternoon. But where can they go?"

"My dear Kate, you know Mrs. General Bacon has been like a mother to me. She is a brave-hearted little woman, and will receive them at once. Of course you will accompany them."

"I'll" cried Kate, looking at him in real surprise. "That can not be; I may not leave my mother."

"She will force you into a marriage with that arch plotter and villain, Sir Thomas," he began, with an earnest look in his deep brown eyes. "What can you do against them both?"

"Very pretty conduct, indeed, Mr. Lionel Montague!" said a shrill voice, that of a faded woman of about seven-and-thirty, with long ringlets, and a profusion of lace and muslin; "setting up to lecture my daughter, and turn her against her dearest and best friend."

"Madam," stammered Lionel, in reality very much taken aback, "I was saying to my cousin—"

"That which you should not say," was the sharp reply of the admiral's widow, whose generally washed-out appearance gave additional acidity to her words. "Sir Thomas Harcourt is my best and dearest friend; a man of sense and position."

"And so you intend to sell your daughter to him?" incautiously remarked Lionel.

Mrs. Admiral O'Byrne colored up to her eyes. She appeared for an instant ready to faint; but then collecting all her energy—and these little, wiry women have much to dispose of—she looked at Lionel with a cool, sarcastic glance.

"Leave my house, sir," she said, "and never set your foot inside my doors again. Do you think I want any beggarly lieutenants hanging after my daughter? I know your designs, Master Lionel; but my child will never be the prey of a scheming fortune-hunter."

"Mamma," cried Kate, passionately, "this is not the way to speak to my cousin. I love him," she added, with a warm effusion of heart's blood on her cheek, "and will never think of a base villain like Sir Thomas Harcourt."

"So," said Mrs. O'Byrne, pale with rage, "it has gone so far, has it? Will you compel me, sir, to have you expelled?"

"No, aunt," replied Lionel, with mock politeness; "I will take myself off. Good-by, Kate, and, above all, do not forget."

"I will not," was the significant reply, as her cousin bowed himself out.

"Kate," said her mother, sinking into an arm-chair, "I must beg you will never speak to that insolent young man again."

"Mother," answered the girl, quietly, "I can give no such promise; he is my affianced husband. I shall not marry him until I am of age, if you object; but, mark my word, I will die rather than become the victim of that monstrous villain, Sir Thomas. You are bitterly deceived in him!"

"He is a noble and generous man, and will make you an excellent husband," replied the other, coldly.

"Then marry him yourself, mamma," said Kate, in a more merry tone. "But I had forgotten: the mercenary Sir Thomas wants my money."

To this the elder lady had no immediate reply, but turned sharply on Kate, as she prepared to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am going to visit Sir Thomas's other victims," was the cold reply. "Do not think they will yield without a struggle."

"Your interference will only recoil on yourself," said Mrs. O'Byrne, coldly. "The foolish girls are well provided for. Their future husbands—"

"One a profligate, the other a fool," returned Kate, sadly. "They shall not want for help and consolation, as far as I am concerned."

"Who would have daughters?" sighed the unfortunate lady; "with my nerves and delicate constitution, too! What a time you have been, Barnaby!" she continued, addressing a slinking, sour-faced widow, who came sidling into the room. "Have you got my smelling-bottle? I am quite upset for the day. Such exertion is really too much for me."

CHAPTER V.

THE PRISONERS.

MEANWHILE Jessie and Edith remained immured in their apartments, with certainly very little hope of escaping the dreary fate which awaited them.

There are many instances in which parents and guardians interfere with cruel kindness to protect girls against the promptings of their impulsive hearts.

They have reason to be grateful in after years for the favor.

But in this instance, instinct and reason were on the side of the girls.

"After what Kate has told us," observed Jessie, "I shall feel myself justified in flatly refusing to marry my lord."

"I shall do the same," replied Edith; "but Sir Thomas will take no notice of our refusal. He is a cruel man with an iron will."

"But no clergyman will pronounce a blessing as long as we resolutely refuse," urged Jessie.

"I don't know. I have read of such things. Doubtless, our guardian, with money at his command, will find some unscrupulous priest, who will perform the ceremony in defiance of us," sighed the other.

"I will expose him before the world."

"Once married, we shall have to submit to our cruel fate."

"My dear Edith, I gave you credit for more courage and more firmness," said Jessie.

"I do not want for courage. Give me any loophole, show me any outlet for escape, and you will not find me wanting in resolution," replied Edith. "I only despair because our case seems hopeless."

At this moment, Polly Snapper, still an inmate of the house, ushered in Mademoiselle Fanchette.

"Pardonnez-moi," began the little Frenchwoman, "for ze intrusion, but I bring you von cadeau."

"A present for us," cried Edith.

"And a letter from zour brodere," continued the milliner.

She placed both the parcels and the letter on the table, and then began showing some finery, which she declared to be indispensable to the trousseau.

As the girls strongly suspected the nature of the communication they would receive, they did not hasten to open the letter or the parcels. They were, however, very gracious to the dressmaker, and dismissed her quite satisfied with their acceptance of her furbelows.

"Fasten the door, Polly," cried Jessie, as Edith eagerly opened the letter, "and then see what is in the parcels."

The letter was short.

"I have no time to lose. I send you the only disguises I can lay my hands on. Escape you must, and at once. Kate will see you presently and explain."

"Oh, Lor!" suddenly exclaimed Polly Snapper, with a little hysterical shriek, "what's this?"

And she exhibited, with open mouth, the various articles appertaining to a midshipman's dress.

"A pretty time for practical jokes," said the hot-tempered maid. "I wish I was behind the insulting rascal."

"Hush!" cried Jessie, coloring up and laughing at the same time. "I think Master Lionel might have selected—"

"And it's Master Lionel," continued Polly Snapper, staring. "What would he want playing tricks on the like of you?"

"Polly," said Edith, gravely, "we are going to run away. Our guardian's cruelty and injustice have driven us to this. These disguises—"

"Oh, Miss!" cried Polly, suffocating with laughter, "do excuse me. But, without joking, you are not going to get into them things?"

The girls themselves were half inclined to join in the hilarity of the maid, but the gravity of the moment, however, controlled their merriment.

"It's very awkward," said Jessie. "I shan't know how to walk."

"But where can we go like this?" ruefully asked Edith.

At this moment Kate was announced, and after warm greetings, the difficulty was explained.

"I won't remain in that dress," said the blushing Jessie, "a moment more than I can help."

"Nor I," cried Edith.

"Are you going to-day, Polly?" asked Kate.

"Yes, Miss; leastwise master says so."

"Do you live far away?" continued Kate.

"No; I'm going to mother's, not half a mile off—out of Golden Square."

"Then you must take as many of your mistresses' dresses as you can pack away. They will be gifts from them. As soon as we leave here, we will come round to your place and change."

"That's it, Miss."

"By the way, have you an old dress and bonnet I can put on over these things? I shall see them off," said Kate.

"Certainly, Miss," replied Polly Snapper, and bouncing out of the room she shortly returned with a shapeless cotton gown, and also a bonnet not inaptly described as like a grenadier's wooden measure, or a Stilton cheese.

"That will do, Polly; and now, for fear of a mistake, let me write down your address," continued Miss O'Byrne.

This was done, and then Miss Snapper returned with a bundle of clothes to pack.

"I do not like any thing clandestine or deceitful," said Edith, gravely, "but I think we are justified under the circumstances."

"Yes, my little casuist," replied Jessie, "to revolt against tyranny is always just. Hence have slaves always been deceitful."

"You don't think our conduct very un-maidenlike, do you, Kate?" asked Edith.

"Well, do you mean as to running away, or wearing the—the—what-d'ye-call-'ems?" said Kate, demurely.

"You can laugh," said Edith; "you have a mother to protect you."

"I have not, Miss Montague," was the grave response; "and more by token I am about to run away with you from the villainy of your guardian and mine, and the weakness of my mother."

And she told what had passed that morning.

"My own dear girl!" said Edith, kissing her. "I am so glad. But I wish I were out of this; I am afraid I shall be ill."

"Nonsense, dear! Let us ring for lunch; that will pass the time. We must keep our courage up, or all is lost," she said.

The intended disguises were concealed, and the bell pulled.

It was answered by one of the housemaids.

"Where is Polly?" asked Edith.

"Please, Miss, master has just put her and her boxes into the street. He was in a rage. Miss Polly told him to search her boxes himself, as he seemed fond of dirty jobs."

"And what did Sir Thomas do?"

"Pushed her out, and had her boxes thrown after her. She did scream."

"Well, never mind; she is gone, poor girl. Tell Mrs. Skeggs to send us up lunch for three," replied Edith.

"So she has got safe off," cried Kate; "that



is something. We must be off before dinner." "But we are expected to dine with the gentlemen," urged Edith.

"The very reason why you must be off before the time comes. It's dark at five, and your dinner hour is six," continued Kate. "When the lunch is cleared away, we will find out what the gentlemen are doing."

It was an hour later when the girl came again in answer to a summons.

"What is Sir Thomas doing?" asked Edith. "He's gone out, miss, with the two gentlemen to his club. Promised to be home to dinner exactly at six," replied the maid.

"Saved!" cried Kate, when they were once more alone.

But some hours of deep anxiety, of almost wearying agony, had to be passed ere night fell, and seldom during their adventurous career had they to endure more mental suffering.

The tyranny of their guardian was to a certain extent, a tyranny supported by law.

It might be possible by a public and unlady-like scene to prevent the enforced marriage, but even this would scarcely be tolerated by society.

Society expects its votaries to suffer; to use a vulgar phrase, to grin and bear it.

"And you think this Mrs. Bacon will receive us, and refuse to give us up?" said Edith, for the fourth or fifth time.

"Lionel says so," replied Kate.

"And what Lionel says must be true," said Jessie, a little maliciously.

"Yes, he is truth itself," cried Kate, "and I won't have him run down."

"Did any one do such a shocking thing?" said Jessie. "Besides, do we not all know him, and know that he is a gentleman and a gentleman?"

Won't I be glad to give him a kiss, that is all! Talking, speculating, packing up in small compass some money and jewelry, with which they were provided, the hours passed away.

"And now to dress," cried Kate.

This was not an easy matter.

The ordinary difficulties of putting on male costume for the first time were after one or two trials overcome, but it was next how to imprison their rich profusion of hair.

"Cut it off," said Jessie, impatiently.

"We could clip it short," urged Edith.

"No," said Kate, emphatically.

And after one or two further efforts, the hair was secured ingeniously in an old-fashioned net, over which the midshipmen's caps were jauntily fixed.

Two very pretty boys they did look, though, to all intents and purposes, too shy and modest.

"It won't do," said Kate. "If any man looks at you, and you shrink and blush, he'll find out what weak impostors you are in a minute."

Jessie tried to swagger across the room, but it was a failure.

Edith looked very much inclined to cry.

"Cheer up, my dears," said Kate, putting on her cotton gown and bonnet, which luckily had a hideous veil attached to it; "look at me."

It was a transformation.

All her beautiful hair being concealed, and the frightful extinguisher and veil hiding even her face, she looked something fearful and wonderful.

"I shall never get down-stairs," urged Edith.

"I am not a fainting sort," added Jessie; "but I feel very sinking."

"I expected this," said Kate, producing the sherry decanter, which she had placed on one side.

"Drink a glass; it will certainly make you more like naval young gentlemen."

They obeyed, really glad of the stimulant, which gave some life to their trembling hearts.

Then the door opened.

"I thought of the back-stairs," urged Kate, "but I'm afraid of Mrs. Skeggs."

"If we are seen by her or her horrible son—that's him outside, generally—we are lost," said Jessie. "They are devoted to Sir Thomas."

"Follow me," replied Kate, "and recollect that on ten minutes' resolution depend the issue of a life."

#### CHAPTER VI. THE ESCAPE.

THE house was still.

In the absence of the master and the seclusion of the young mistresses, the domestics very naturally congregated together in their comfortable and cosy lower regions.

Unless an unfortunate knock came to the door, they were comparatively safe.

Even the porter had deserted his chair in the hall to join the butler in a glass of usquebaugh.

This they ascertained by looking over the balustrades.

"Now or never," said Kate, who had the most courage, probably from the awkward garb in which the other girls found themselves.

"Keep cool, and let me speak, if there is any interruption."

Next instant they were in the hall, and still there was no interruption.

Kate opened the hall-door carefully, almost noiselessly, and stood upon the door-steps with the two trembling masqueraders by her side.

She looked to the right and the left.

On the latter side was a carriage; on the first was a dark figure, standing under a lamp-post.

She pulled the door close, and rapidly descended the steps.

As she did so, the man darted from under the lamp-post.

"What are you doing here?" he said.

"Skeggs," whispered Edith.

"What is that to you, my good man? We wanted to see Miss Polly Snapper," replied Kate, in as sharp and gruff a tone as she could assume.

"She's gone," said the man, roughly, "and you'll please to step back into the house. It appears to me you're up to no good."

"You'd stop me?"

"Yes, and I warrant I'm right. You never went into that house, and I'd as lief Sir Thomas saw you as not before you leave," he cried.

"Come," clutched Kate's arm.

"Take that," hissed a voice in his ear.

And, as he looked round, a powerful fist hit him in the face, and he fell like a helpless log on the pavement.

"Quick, this way," cried Lionel.

Away, without a word, they sped for the carriage, and, reaching it, were driven off with great rapidity.

"Help—murder—fire!" shouted Skeggs, as he scrambled to his feet and held on by the railings.

"What's all this row about, fellow?" said Sir Thomas, alighting with his friends from a carriage.

"Have you been drinking?"

"No, only knocked down by Master Lionel," was the grim reply; "it's my opinion the birds have flown."

"Scoundrel! explain yourself."

"There is some treachery afoot."

"Very unpleasant."

Such were the three remarks of the baronet, lord, and colonel.

Skeggs sulkily did explain himself, and Sir Thomas, giving a ring and rat-tat that disturbed the neighborhood, brought all the servants to the hall.

"You, woman," he shouted, addressing Mrs. Skeggs, "go and see where Miss Montague is. Quick, if you limp all your life."

The housekeeper and one of the maids went up-stairs, and speedily returned with the news that the girl was nowhere to be found.

"What's the meaning of this?" said my lord.

"Very strange," observed the colonel.

"Don't stand gaping like a set of fools. You, Skeggs," addressing the outdoor spy, "away to Bow street, and give information. Two girls disguised as midshipmen will easily be traced. You, James, away to Mrs. O'Byrne's; if they have gone there, they are safe."

"I'm afraid," urged my lord, sarcastically, "you will find Miss O'Byrne a rather slippery character."

"Matrimony will tame her," replied Sir Thomas, dryly. "While we are waiting, let us have dinner."

And the trio hurried into the dining-room to take a hasty meal with scant ceremony.

Before they had concluded, the messenger returned.

The Bow street officers promised to be on the alert, and to keep a good watch on Lieutenant Lionel Montague.

Mrs. Admiral O'Byrne pressed Sir Thomas to come round at once, as she had not seen her daughter since the morning.

"Sdeath," cried Sir Thomas, "there has been a terrible blunder somewhere. Will you come with me?"

"Certainly," said my lord of Ravensbourne, with a dark and gloomy frown; "it appears to me altogether very extraordinary."

"Quite incredible," drawled Sir Charles.

But while they are hunting about London, and setting every machinery in motion to catch them, we will follow the runaways.

A clever detective officer, who had known the whole case, and been aware of what had passed between Sir Thomas and Miss Polly Snapper, would probably have gone at once to her address in a by-street near Golden Square.

But Sir Thomas trusted to his own acuteness, and the ordinary action of the law put in motion by the help of a reward.

Therefore, the fugitives reached the humble residence of Polly Snapper's mother without any delay, and were ushered into her parlor by the eager and delighted maid.

"Well, I never," she did say, with a comical glance at the trembling middle; "what nice boys they do make, to be sure."

With a want of reverence for propriety, which was very unbecoming, Lionel laughed, and the girls, waiting to hear no more, hurried away to a bedroom, and there rid themselves of their disguises.

The worthy mother of Polly Snapper had meanwhile made them a fragrant cup of tea, over which meal a council was held.

The flight to Malta, under the chaperonship of Mrs. Bacon, was decided on.

"You will take me?" said Polly.

"Certainly," replied Edith; "if you desire it, we shall only be too glad."

And so it happened that they took their departure in the hired glass coach ten minutes before Mobb Skeggs arrived, just to make a friendly call upon Miss Snapper.

"Which it was very bad conduct of Sir Thomas to send her away premeditated like," he said.

"Bother," replied Polly Snapper, sharply, "what business is it of yours?"

"Miss Polly, what knows how my affections are engaged, shouldn't speak so," cried the spy, with a hideous attempt at looking sentimental.

"Now, Mobb Skeggs, none of that, you know. My mind is made up, and I speak free. I don't want no palaver with you. I like you about as much as I do my master, so go about your business."

"Polly, Polly, think of my art," he whimpered.

"Will you go?" she cried, going toward the boiling kettle on the fire. "And the next time you come in here spying and carneying, you'll get more than you like."

There was a malicious look on Mobb Skeggs' face, a showing of his teeth, which decidedly meant mischief.

He, however, went out without saying a word, and left the Snapper mansion in peace.

Mrs. Bacon, the wife of a general who was on duty in Malta, was one of those homely, genial women, who are devoted to the interests of their own sex, and ready to make any sacrifice in the cause of humanity and justice.

"I don't know what Andrew will say," she exclaimed, alluding to her husband; "but in a case like this, I am not afraid of the Court of Chancery and all the big wigs in Westminster."

"We are so deeply grateful to you," said Edith, half weeping, half crying.

"My dear, your brother has told me a sad, a terrible story. You are better out of England just now. My Andrew has a quick temper, but a cool head for thinking. When we get to Malta we will talk the matter over. In the meanwhile you are under my charge."

"How can I ever thank you?" said Lionel.

"By going away and not coming here any more. You will be watched. Let us not meet again until we are on board."

"Your commands shall be obeyed," replied Lionel, rising; "but remember—the sooner you are on board, the better."

"We will start early to-morrow," exclaimed Mrs. Bacon; "and whatever you do, keep away from my neighborhood."

Lionel promised, and it proved good advice, for not only was Lionel closely watched all next day, but one or two persons called upon him, under villainously false pretenses, evidently in the interests of Bow street.

Lionel was coldly polite, and ridding himself of the unwelcome visitors, went to the Admiralty for final orders and took his departure in the middle of the night.

The die was cast, and the three girls had rushed upon whatever fate or Providence might have in store for them.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 230.)

A PROMISING youngster received a flagellation the other day for the error of his ways. He vinced under the strokes of the birch, and when his mother asked him if he would ever do so any more, replied that he would not until he wanted more "back pay."

The youth of to-day should see that this lad is sent to Congress when of age.

## Bowie-knife Ben,

### Little Hunter of the Far Nor-west;

#### OR, THE EXILES OF THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.

##### A Thrilling Tale of the Great Hunting Grounds.

BY OLL COOMES,  
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#### CHAPTER XXI. THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.

A WEEK has passed since the occurrence of the events narrated in the preceding chapter.

Bowie-knife Ben and his party had intrenched themselves some thirty miles north of Fall Lake, where they could almost defy the combined assaults of the whole Sioux tribe. They had taken possession of, and repaired, an old stone building of goodly dimensions that had been erected years previous by a party of hunters and traders belonging to the Hudson Bay Fur Company. From this stronghold the party had a ready and easy access to their supplies cached in a cavern in the bluff south of the place.

The party had had little trouble from the Indians since the occupancy of their new quarters, yet it was quite evident that they were being closely watched, and lived in hourly expectation of attack. What caused them most concern was the discovery that some one besides their party knew of the whereabouts of their cached supplies, and was having access to them quite frequently. Nothing, however, save one of two small casks of brandy had been touched. Over half of the contents had been extracted, and that evidently in small quantities.

Larry O'Ray's tendency toward intemperance led to his being suspected of the thefts, but a close watch being kept upon his movements, it was found that he never went near the cavern, and as the thief still continued his visits to the cache, the matter became involved in some mystery.

By this time the winter was well advanced. In fact, March had begun with its sunshiny days and chilly, squally nights. The ground was still covered with snow, the lakes and rivers were still frozen over, and while winter virtually lingered in the "lap of spring," all had reason to hope and expect a speedy opening of the warmer season.

The sportsmen had passed about two weeks in their new quarters, when, one morning, Bowie-knife Ben and Captain Graham ventured forth on an excursion to Otter Tail lake, some ten miles to the west. It was at the earnest solicitation of Graham that the little hunter undertook the journey. Why the captain was so anxious to go, Ben could not conceive, but he felt satisfied, by the captain's conversation, that there was something more than the love of adventure drawing the young man there.

"Why've you bin so anxious 'bout goin' up to Otter Tail, cap'n?" asked the hunter, after they were fairly on their way.

"I declare, Ben," replied the captain, a little confused, "I've been under a study whether to tell you or not. I knew I dare not tell it to the boys, for they would never know when to cease running me about it. But the facts are these: shortly after we came into this country, last fall, we had occasion to visit Otter Tail lake. The boys were all up exploring the dark, narrow valley on the east side of the lake, which you know opens on the lake, and which can only be entered by water on the west side, unless you run the risk of breaking your neck in descending the perpendicular cliffs that surround it. I remained at the lake to guard our canoe while they were gone, and as I sat alone in the craft, something induced me to paddle under the great rock which projects several feet over the margin of the lake, and which one can almost imagine, from its peculiarity of outline, is a huge gray monster crouched there guarding the entrance to the valley—its nose thrust outward over the water as if to scent afar the approach of danger."

"Imagery's strongly developed in yer head, cap'n," replied Ben. "That very rock's called the Wolf, and the valley are called the Valley of Shadows, 'cause darkness forever lurks in it, and that's spots whar the sun never shone sence creation in that valley. It's an awful, damp, dismal, forebodin' place, I swar 'it be."

"Well," continued the captain, "it and the rock are appropriately named then, and I will call the one the Valley of Shadows and the other the Wolf. As I said before, I paddled the canoe under the projecting nose of the grim, stony old guard, and there within its shadows stopped to contemplate my surroundings. I first gazed overhead at the scarped and fluted breast of the old giant, and at the mass of gnarled vines that depended from the jagged jaw like a mass of heavy, tangled beard. The flutter of a fish or something dropping in the water drew my attention downward. The sun, at the time, was in the zenith, and the outer edge of the rock's shadow fell alongside of my canoe. Just beyond this line of shadow, and looking up at me from the clear, limpid depths of the lake, I beheld a human face!"

"Tor-ments! You're jokin' like sin. I swar you be, cap'n."

"I am not, Ben. It was actually a human face—the fair face of a woman—a young woman, too—set in a wreath of golden hair. In all my life I had never seen a face so sweet, fair and angelic. I saw it was possessed of life—it moved. A feeling that I cannot describe came over me. My loneliness, the deep solitude of the place, the impression still left on my mind by the first sight of the Wolf through the gloaming—all conspired to fill my brain with vague, intangible images."

"Ay, my boy," laughed Ben, "I see into it now. You war asleep and dreamin', and fell in love with the vision of yer dream. Ha! ha!—and here we go, up to Otter Tail to chase a shader. I swar 'it's an excruciatin' good 'ne, cap'n, it be."

"I was not asleep, Ben; I was never wider awake than then; but, hear me through. I rallied from my surprise and mental mistiness, and bent an earnest, searching gaze down upon that sweet, lovely face, and to my surprise I found it but the reflection of a young girl's face, the original of which was looking down upon me over the edge of the rock above. My heart gave a great leap, but mustering all my self-control, I refrained from looking upward, but feasted my eyes upon the face mirrored in the clear water. And, I must say, Ben, that that face has ever since been reflected from the inmost depths of my heart. To speak more plainly, I fell in love with that vision, and have longed to visit the lake ever since and learn more of that strange beauty. That's what brings me out on this journey. I must find that girl; what is more, I will find her if she's in existence."

"Tor-ments, and this is what ye call love," said the scout, musingly. "Wal, wal, boy, you've got a desprite stroke of it, you have, by Josey. In love with a shader, too, now ar'n't ye? Never sased any ginewine girl, did ye?"

"No; before I dared to raise my eyes she moved back out of sight, and the boys soon returned, and an Indian canoe appearing on the lake, we left the place in a hurry. Winter then set in shortly afterward, and we have never been back to the lake since; and I assure you, Ben, you are the first man that I have ever hinted this to."

Ben indulged in a low, pleasant laugh of affected indifference, yet it was evident enough that he gave credence to the captain's story, and appeared to be trying to connect it with some event of the past.

They finally arrived at the head of the Valley of Shadows—an oblong depression in the shore of Otter Tail lake, containing about five acres in area. The place had been appropriately named, for the tall bluffs rising upon three sides, excluded almost the light of day from its recesses. Still, in summer, a species of grass grew down upon the plateau, and stunted pine and hemlock concealed the rugged facade of the bluffs.

Looking westward down the valley the hunters could see the Wolf, crouching amid the glistening snow and outlined against the ice-bound lake beyond, keeping his eternal watch over the bosom of the watery expanse. It required no greater effort of the imagination to define the outlines of a crouching wolf in the great rock than to picture men, animals and giants in the passing clouds overhead.

The rock was about seventy feet in height by two hundred in length. From the nose, or that part projecting over the lake, to the surface of the water it was some forty or fifty feet.

"I declare," said Graham, as he stood gazing down at the great rock, "it looks more like a wolf to bear the name it does. And, cap'n," and the hunter's voice fell to a low tone, indicative of some sudden surprise—"that's sumthin' about that rock I never sased afore; there be, by Josey. Now look, my lad, and see if you can tell me what it is?"

Captain Graham looked at the rock until a mist blurred his sight, but saw nothing unusual about the spot, and so reported.

"Ah, that comes of the want of eyesight that book philosophy will never give. Now, if you'll look sharp near the shoulders of the Wolf, meby you can see a thin column of white smoke curling up from it."

"Oh, that, indeed! Well I saw that, but supposed it was mist rising from the lake beyond."

"Nary mist; it's smoke, my boy, and it's curlin' from the back of the rock. Now what does yer book-larnin' tell ye 'bout such as that?"

"Really, that is a case I have never read of outside of the land of volcanoes."

"Volcaners! Blazes, if a volcaner can't make a bigger stew than that, it hadn't ort to be classed even among catamounts and polecats, it hadn't, by Judas. No, cap'n, that are smoke—ginewine smoke from a wood-fire, and it's comin' from inside of that rock. I'll bet anything that's a cave in the thing, and in that cave are folks a-livin'—probly some ole hunter and his family; and, come to think, cap'n, your gal may know sumthin' 'bout that 'ere smoke."

Captain Graham's eyes kindled with a sudden joy at this announcement, and his breast swelled with inward hope and the pent-up emotions of love's young dream. He fixed his eyes upon the rock from which the white, vapory smoke was slowly ascending, and in his heart he wondered if what had so long been a pleasant and yet tantalizing dream would yet resolve itself into reality.

#### CHAPTER XXII. A DISCOVERY.

BEN and Captain Graham retired to a point where they could command a view of the Wolf and yet be concealed from the eyes of any one who might be near or upon the rock. If there was an inhabited cavern in the rock, and since they had discovered the smoke, they had not a doubt but there was, they hoped to catch a glimpse of the inhabitants passing in or out. But their hopes were in vain; after watching for several hours, the shades of night closed in over the Valley of Shadows and shut the Wolf from view.

"Shall we go back to camp, Ben?" asked Graham, when darkness had obscured their view.

"Never go back, say I, till we know something more 'bout that tormented smoke."

They followed the bluffs around until they reached the lake; then, under cover of the bank, they stole along upon the ice toward the Wolf. When nearly under it, they went ashore and concealed themselves in a clump of bushes, and watched and listened for some clue to the mystery of the Valley of Shadows.

The moon had not risen yet, but the stars were shining brightly. The summit of the Wolf was sharply outlined against the sky, and no object could have appeared upon it unseen.

For several hours the hunters kept their watch, conversing in low tones. As the night advanced the air began to grow quite cold, to the discomfort of the watchers. They were on the point of relinquishing their vigil, when, all of a sudden, a round, dark object—moving upon the summit of the Wolf—arrested their attention. It was rising gradually, and when a few inches above the summit of the rock, our friends saw it was the head of a man. Slowly it rose higher and higher—followed by the shoulders, body and legs, until the full outline of a person of small stature was plainly visible.

As the man appeared in sight, he paused and appeared to be listening, and on being assured of the absence of danger by the profound silence that reigned, he moved toward the western extremity of the rock and immediately sunk from view.

The scouts would have crept around and watched him had not two other figures appeared upon the summit of the rock the moment the first disappeared. Both were females clad in long, black cloaks thrown hood-like over their heads.

Young Graham's heart throbbed excitedly, and he strained his eyes through the starlight in vain endeavors to see the faces concealed beneath the hoods.

The figures moved slowly and saunteringly along the top of the rock, apparently engaged in conversation. One of them was short and stoutly built, and moved with a slight, wad-

dling gait. The other was tall, slender and easy of motion, appearing to float along by the side of her companion.

With bated breath the hunters watched them several moments. Ben was the first to speak.

"That tallest one, with the movement of a floatin' swan must be yer gal, cap'n."

"I darsay it is she whose face I saw reflected in the lake," replied Graham, never moving his eyes from the figures.

"Wal, I'll be tormented to death if this ar'n't a slap-up mystery."

"If I could only get an opportunity to speak to them, I—"

"Why not make yerself known?" interrupted Ben. "Jist whistle to her."

"I wouldn't be so rude for any thing, Ben. She might hate me for it. Women are sensitive creatures, and like to be approached carefully. I will trust to Providence to bring us together."

"Tor-ments! Love is a curious disease, I sware; but, harkes, lad, they're singin'—oh, birds of Paradise!"

Low and soft as the dulcet strains of a harp, the voice of one of the females floated out upon the vibrant, crisp air, as she thrilled forth some sweet, familiar notes that recalled to young Graham's half-bewildered mind some forgotten love of the past. He bent his ear and listened to catch the words, and his breast rose and fell in accord with the measure of the enchanting melody.

At length the singer ceases—her voice dies away in sweet, tremulous strains upon the night.

The spiteful crack of a rifle was the horrible encore that greeted the ears of our friends, and the robed singer was



we can get some facts out of him," interrupted Graham, growing impatient.

"He must take it into his old noggin that his affairs are none of our business. But just hear him rant. He thinks, the blasted old goad-head, that the moon's a fire. Mebbe he'll blab the very thing we want to know, if we keep still long enough."

They remained quiet and listened to the drunken man's ravings and imprecations that forced a smile to the lips of the hunters.

The name, Nora, young Graham, in reverting in mind to the scene upon the Wolf, incidentally connected with the short, stout woman, whose wall of sorrow had smote his ears when her companion fell by the bullet of the treacherous, lurking red-skin.

And, somehow or other, Ben was persuaded that Turk was the man first seen on the rock who was just leaving on one of his nocturnal raids upon the supplies of the adventurers.

The hunters were upon the point of advancing to where the drunken man lay, when the light crumpling of the snow-crust behind them gave warning of approaching danger.

"Ingins, Cap'n, by the billions," whispered Ben, as his cat-like eye caught sight of a number of shadowy forms stealing through the undergrowth. "Let's make ourselves scarce."

"But Turk—what about—"

"Come, lad—come Turk—don't you see?—it's all a trap, boy—him and the Ingins understand each other; come, peg it down like Satan beatin' tan-bark, Cap'n; the devils are arter us like sleuth-hounds!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 224.)

## NYDIA, THE Beautiful Sleep-Walker.

### CHAPTER XLIV.

#### "YOUR LONG-LOST DAUGHTER."

THREE days have passed since the night which ended so fatally for Christopher Renfrew, and Lord Wyndlow and his family and friends are still at the Towers.

The lawyers have entreated his lordship to remain until the mystery connected with the death of the last of the Renfrews has been cleared up, or at least until the inquest has been held, and the funeral is over, and Rupert Lane, whom most of them thought the heir of the property, was telegraphed for, that he also with his wife might be present at the reading of the will.

Nydia had calmed down after Rosalind's conversation, and had become in a great measure more reconciled to the singular conditions to which she was subject, a state of mind due also in a great measure to the influence and arguments of Felix, who felt that the reason, perhaps the life, of the girl he loved depended upon his making her take a rational view of what was, after all, but a natural phenomenon.

Events, too, had crowded in one upon another, and suspicions that had at one time seemed groundless and foolish, began to take a darkly definite form, as they pointed to Lawrence Wade, as having been connected with more than one dark crime.

Folly had come down to Renfrew Towers, partly to look after pretty, pert Lottie, but ostensibly and principally to see his master, to impart his suspicions to him, and tell him all he had managed to learn about the man who was still supposed to be engaged to his lordship's niece.

"If we could only find the old nigger woman and the little girl, you see, my lord," he observed, with a puzzled expression of countenance, "we'd have it all in a nutshell, and him in our hands like a vise; but he's stole a march on me, you see, and I can't find out any clue to him."

"But they did not go away alone, did they?" inquired Lord Wyndlow.

"No; I'm told a woman took them, but I don't believe it, and now, my lord, I thought I'd best come and tell you, and then you'd know what to do."

"Indeed I don't know," was the reply; "it is useless for me to say a word to Miss Le-grange until I can produce proof to sustain my suspicions. You had better remain here, Folly, until the funeral is over, and then we'll all return to town. There is nothing special for you to do, but keep your eyes open and see if you can discover any thing about the perpetrators of the murder and temporary abduction of Miss Nydia the other night. Perhaps I wrong him, but I feel assured in my own mind that this man Wade had something to do with it."

"Yes, my lord, I should say it was likely; specially if he'd any thing to gain by it. But sharp as he is, I think if he goes on much further like this, he'll be caught."

And so saying, Folly went off to the house-keeper's room, to try and obtain a quiet chat with Lottie.

It is evening, and the ladies and gentlemen are seated in the smallest drawing-room at the Towers.

Myra Claxton, now Mrs. Lane, is there with her husband, while Rosalind, Nydia and Cora, with Frank, Felix and Lord Wyndlow, make up the party, if we make an exception in favor of Folly, who stands in the background.

Simple as the gathering may appear, it is strange work that they are about, for Nydia has consented to allow Felix to mesmerize her, so that, in her clairvoyant sleep, she may try to discover whether their suspicions in reference to Lawrence Wade are well founded or not.

They had desired Cora's absence, but she would be present, would hear all that could be said, learn all that could be learnt, and there she was, seated a little apart from the rest, her hand within a few steps of the bell-rope, which would summon those who might confirm or contradict whatever the girl in her magnetic sleep might say.

Clever as they thought themselves, it was Cora's hand which held the torch which should set fire to the whole train of explosives, and she would bring destruction upon the man that had once so passionately loved, and now so vindictively hated.

The conviction that Lawrence Wade had been guilty of murder, the murder of his wife, had grown upon her mind until she had not a doubt on the subject remaining, and yet she sat there, and listened and waited, ready herself to launch a bolt, which, when the opportunity came, must tell home.

Nydia is asleep, the magnetic current has passed through her frame, and imparted to her brain a more than natural perception.

"Are you asleep? Can you see clearly?" asks Felix. And the reply is low and distinct.

"Yes, never better in my life."

A piece of dark hair, short, and evidently belonging to a man, but wrapped in paper, is handed to the young baron by Cora, who had once numbered it among her treasures.

It is placed in the hands of the clairvoyante, who, after a slight pause, says:

"Yes, I see him."

"Can you go back to a night in January last?" asks the mesmerist, "and see the man to whom the hair belongs, with a party of ladies and two gentlemen?"

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

"My uncle and Frank, aunt Myra, Cora and myself."

"Very well, what do you see more?"

"Frank and that man are going away together."

"Yes; do they go together?"

"No; a man, a servant—comes in with a message from a woman. She will see him."

"Quite right; follow him."

"I do; they are in the street together, and oh, it is dark and cold. The snow is on the ground, and the street lamps even feel the biting wind and shiver. But they don't mind it, those two; they are angry and fiery-tempered, and the woman is reproaching him, and is fierce and violent."

"Can you hear anything she is saying?"

"Yes, but not distinctly. She says she is his wife, she speaks of her child, of a long journey, and of letters and papers with which she threatens him."

"Has she the papers with her?"

"Yes, and he wants them; he will have them. I see it in his brain, in his flashing eye. He is afraid of her, and wishes her dead."

"Well, continue," for the girl had paused and seemed as though she could not go on.

"It is dark and cold, and they have walked about for hours. They don't know where they have been, or where they are going, they are both so angry and excited. They have gone over a bridge two or three times, and the river flows darkly beneath, and the lights flash on it, and they make it look darker and more terrible than the white snow-covered roads, and the man wishes she were in it, while she threatens him with terrible things. Oh, it is dreadful."

"Look again. I will you to do so."

"They are struggling now; it is life or death to one or both of them; but they make no noise. The woman will not scream, she is trying to retain the papers and never thinks of him; he would harm her, but he has murder in his heart; oh, there is blood on his hands! He has the paper—she is on the parapet."

"Oh, he throws her over; down, down, into the deep river—oh, wake me; he is here."

Involuntarily, every eye turned to where she pointed, and there, unnoticed by them in the rapid attention her words had excited, stood Lawrence Wade, very pale, but cold, haughty and collected.

He had heard all, though those who looked upon his calm face almost doubted it.

"Good-evening; quite a family party," he said, advancing into the room with an assurance that absolutely startled those present.

"Is Miss Nydia ill?"

"No, don't come near her," said Felix, who having hastily thrown off the magnetic influence from the girl, and commanded her to awake, now turned to confront the man whom he felt was both his rival and his enemy.

"You are very polite to the man in whose house you are intruding, young man," returned Wade, with a sneer; "but foreign beggars never will learn the manners of gentlemen."

The hot blood rushed into Felix Von Morgen's face, his hands clenched convulsively, and but for the presence of ladies, he would have resented the insult instantly.

But Lord Wyndham, almost as angry as the young baron himself, now stepped forward, saying:

"I don't understand such conduct toward a friend of mine, Mr. Wade. Explain yourself, and what you mean by it, sir."

"I mean that I am master here, my lord," was the defiant reply; "my uncle, Christopher Renfrew, made me his heir, as he always told me he should do, and I do not choose to tolerate in my house that foreign upstart. Of course you, my lord, are welcome to remain as long as you will honor me with your company."

"Thanks," returned Lord Wyndlow, with a smile of peculiar meaning, while Frank, Rosalind and Nydia all tried to induce Felix to control himself, and treat Wade with the silent contempt he merited. "But," continued his lordship, "your invitation and presence are somewhat premature; we, my family and friends, are remaining here at great personal inconvenience, at the request of your uncle's solicitors. To-morrow we leave, and you must excuse us if, in the mean time, we decline to acknowledge your authority to intrude upon us, or consider ourselves your guests."

Wade's face was white with passion, and the low, concentrated tones of his voice told those who knew him that he was furious.

"You are hatching a nice conspiracy among you," he hissed, rather than said, "and that foreign upstart is the chief plotter; but I do not fear him; his base slanders are not touch me."

"Pray, don't take any notice of this fellow," said Frank, turning to Felix; "I am not surprised at his being angry, if half of what my sister has told us is true. Murder is not a trifle, and the odds are awfully against him."

A flutter, nothing more, for one second, passed over Wade's face, but he was too secure to fear defeat now in the moment of triumph, and he laughed scornfully as he said:

"Really, Captain Claxton, I should have given you credit for more common sense than to believe any fanciful story which that fellow could induce your sister to relate."

"I have been listening to it all, little dreaming that the monster she so graphically depicted was supposed to be myself. I should have expected more impartiality and justice at least from your hands."

"We are not your judges, and simply desire your absence, Mr. Wade," said Lord Wyndlow, with dignity. "To-morrow we shall leave this house; until then, we wish to be alone."

"Stop a moment, uncle; you forget that Mr. Wade is my affianced husband," said Cora, who had, up to this point, remained almost unnoticed; "I have something to say to him, something to show him," and she advanced now, her large black eyes lighted up with a peculiarly steely luster, a bright-red spot burning on each cheek, a purpose that was scarcely one of love or mercy, in her every glance and movement, for her hour of vengeance had come, and she would deal it out unsperringly.

The cool, indifferent glance which Wade turned toward her, changed to something like wonder, as he noticed the strange expression on her beautiful face, but he was still too impatient of the passion which he believed she entertained for him to be even barely polite, and he said, almost rudely:

"This is no time for nonsense. I am in no humor for it; I will write to you," and he turned without further ceremony to leave the room.

But Cora's laugh of derisive triumph, which had certainly no merriment in it, made him pause, as she said:

"I only wish to restore your long-lost daughter to you, Lawrence; unfortunately her mother,

as you know, is murdered and buried. See, she is here."

And at that moment Watkins, Cora's maid, carrying Viola, who was now too weak to walk, appeared at the doorway, with old Tara, tottering and leaning on a stick by her side, while Folly and two or three strange men seemed to bring up the rear, and preclude even the thought of escape.

For one instant Wade turned and glared upon Cora.

He saw it all now, saw how the worm he had trodden upon till he thought it had neither desire nor power to rebel against him, had turned, and he cursed her as well as his own blind folly for the act.

But a voice, a child's voice, very plaintive, weak and sad, calls to him:

"Papa, dear papa, the beautiful lady has brought me to you at last, before I go to mamma in heaven; kiss me, papa, and take me in your arms before I die."

### CHAPTER XLV.

#### CONCLUSION.

THE lamp of life is flickering, dying out, but a look of peace and rest came over the countenance of little Vi, as she lay gasping out her last breath in her father's arms; he sees and knows it; death in his arms; the only creature, whose being part of himself, he had ever truly loved, was drifting away down the dark stream of time to be launched out into the great ocean of eternity.

Destruction, too, was on every side; his crimes had found him out; he felt rather than was convinced of it, for in the hour that was to have been his triumph came his downfall and defeat.

Some men would have fought blindly, frantically, like a rat driven into a corner—dying game, as they term it, even though it be to die like a brute.

But Lawrence Wade was not of that order; he was too thorough a fatalist, too proud and self-contained to allow his enemies or those he loved or hated to witness the agony and torture he suffered.

Only for a moment did the strong life within him rise in passionate rebellion against the doom which he felt to be inevitable; then he silently accepted his destiny, as he would have termed it, and to the great surprise of every one but old Tara, he stepped forward and took Viola from the woman who carried her, clasping her light form tenderly in his own arms.

If any thing could have shaken the belief in his guilt in the minds of all who now looked upon him, it was his calm composure, and the tenderness with which he spoke to and tried to soothe his dying child.

Even Folly felt that the prey he had hunted for so long was escaping him.

And so it was, but not in the manner or way that he expected.

He is escaping them all, and yet he looks like a tender father bestowing caresses upon the rapidly-sinking girl whom he holds in his arms.

"My papa, my papa!" is all she can murmur, as the thin, wasted arms cling so lovingly round his neck.

In that moment, if a human being could ever suffer an agony of self-reproach which nothing could add to or augment, surely it was Lawrence Wade, as he felt all that he had lost—all that he had destroyed.

But he mastered himself. Whatever his tortures, they at least who hated and feared him should not gloat upon them, and he spoke to Tara, thanked her for her kindness and devotion to his poor child, and then waited patiently, more patiently than those who watched him, for the end. It was not long in coming.

The cough which had shaken the wasted form he held so closely, and which prevented the sufferer from uttering more than a word or two at a time, for a moment abated, and she said, in an appealing tone:

"The beautiful lady, I must kiss her."

"You hear," said Wade, in a husky tone, turning his eyes upon Cora, "she wants you; quick, or it will be too late."

For a moment the woman whose vengeance had brought about this meeting hesitated.

Only for a moment, however; then, impulsive and passionate as ever, extreme in her hatred and love, she came over, and throwing herself on her knees by the couch on which Wade, still holding his child was seated, she murmured:

"Forgive me; oh, forgive me."

A look such as she remembered till her dying day, came over the face of the man she still loved, as he said, in an unnaturally calm tone:

"This is your work; if you are satisfied with it, I forgive you."

But the cough had commenced again, the frail frame is shaken with the effort, and the father's face has become pale, while his teeth bite his white lips as though to repress some agony.

Not long does this continue; that cough is her last, for the white dress is stained with blood, the heavy eyelids close, and one weary, though youthful, wayfarer on life's rough road is at peace.

The struggle is over.

Cora is still by his side, her white hand stained with the crimson drops that had fallen from the lips of his child.

It is her work, he has told her so, and now the poison which is coursing through his veins may complete the tragedy; he opposes it with his iron will no longer; he has baffled them all, and a smile, almost of triumph, settles upon his lips, as, clasping his dead child tightly to his breast, he falls back a corpse.

"Oh, help, quickly; he has only fainted!" shrieked Cora.

"He can't be poisoned himself, for I watched him," said Folly.

But examination proved that the human bloodhound was mistaken.

A man may poison himself without swallowing the fatal draught; a prick from a pin, the point of a penknife first prepared, may do it, and Lawrence Wade was too skillful a chemist, too unscrupulous a plotter, to ever leave himself without a sure resource in case of detection.

His death convinced those who knew him that he was guilty of the crime they imputed to him, namely, that of murdering his wife, though it was frankly admitted that had he lived and braved it out, sufficient evidence at least would have been wanting to convict him.

Cora Le-grange never recovered from the shock which the scene just described occasioned her.

The words seemed to ring in her ears morning, noon and night, "This is your work," and a month after the death of Lawrence Wade and his child, she too passed that bourne from whence no traveler returns.

Months have rolled on, and the day fixed for the nuptials of Nydia Claxton and Rosalind Von Morgen has arrived at last.

If there are any sad hearts there, smiles called up for the occasion cover them, and if

Lord Wyndlow, as he performs the duties of host so courteously, feels a sad, sharp pain in his heart as he thinks of what, under brighter and happier circumstances, his own life might have been, he crushes it down, and none may guess how sharp and bitter the pang now is.

Why describe a wedding, I think I hear you ask. They are all so much alike that, with the exception of the color the bridesmaids wear, an observer can scarcely tell one from another, and as there is some ground for the objection, I will merely remark that the wedding bells rung out merrily, and the village children were more noisy, if not so truly happy, as those who had that morning sworn to love and be faithful until death should part them.

As the healths of the blushing brides are being drunk, the thought passes through Nydia's mind that the mystery which frightened, haunted, and seemed at one time as though it would affect her reason, as well as her life and honor, had, after all, worked out the happiness she was now enjoying, as but for it she would never have met those who were dearest to her upon earth.

Lottie decided at length to bestow her charming person upon Chip, Frank Claxton's servant, leaving Folly, as he expressed it, "out in the cold," and the despised suitor bids fair to become a clever detective.

Poor old Tara only survived the child she had so faithfully clung to a few days.

The mysteries of Christopher Renfrew's death and Nydia's presence in the cave were never quite satisfactorily explained, but Henry Pelham, whom no one could suspect of being concerned in the matter, left England abruptly without saying adieu to any of his family or friends, and has not since been heard of.

THE END.



### THE ORIGIN OF DIMPLES.

My mischief-loving maiden, Belle! Sit here and listen while I tell—Awile your saucy tongue to tame—A pretty tale without a name, Save this, of "how the dimples came."

A merry girl, the story goes, With eyes of violet, cheeks of rose, One day with feet that noiseless stepped Behind her lover, tripped and crept;

And peeped with many a bow and bend, While he, all unsuspecting peened A timorous sonnet to the maid, Clefth doubted, hoped, despaired and prayed.

She peeped, and read, too pleased by half, And smiled, and smiled, but durst not laugh; And so a strange event occurred; It happened thus, so I have heard:

The dainty mouth, too small, I doubt, Too fair the deepening dimples show, Became a prison most secure, And held the loving legions sure.

Wearied, at length, of durance vile, Impatient grew each captive smile; Still, fair some outlets new to seek, They wreathed and coiled in either cheek, Still at the ruby portals fast, Vainly sought exit; at the last, Grown desperate, so the story closes, Clefth a new passage through the roses.

Love's kisses healed the tender harm, And gave the wound its dearest charm; Since not unthankful, Beauty keeps Her cheeks less sacred than her lips, And while they smile their prudent eye, No, So fair the deepening dimples show, That Love, reminded of his claim, May take the gerdoun without blame; And this is how the dimples came.

### INTERROGATIONS.

WHY is it that Mr. Smith can never find time to go to church or prayer-meeting on week day evenings, and yet can manage to spend one night in the week at the theater, one night at the club-room, and two nights with lady friends? Mr. Smith is a bachelor, but he isn't as good a man as he might be. He goes to church Sunday evenings, but that's because he wants to escort Matilda Jane, and not because he has any great desire to hear the sermon.

Why is it that Mr. Jones, who is a married man, can't afford to spend a few dollars to buy his wife a new dress, and yet can spend ten dollars a week for cigars, champagne, etc.?

And why is it that he is such a bear at home, when he can be so agreeable and pleasant with strangers? He vowed at the altar that he would love, honor and protect his wife, but he thinks no more of that vow now than if it had never been made. Can a man do this, and yet rank as a gentleman?

Why is it that I am sorry to say such men do stand in the ranks, but probably if the world could see and know all, they would be compelled to step down and take their places where they properly belong.

Why is it that women with no education and but little refinement can be lionized, and fêted, and petted, while others with a good education and refined tastes are not noticed or cared for? The answer is easily given. The woman without education and refinement is wealthy—her husband is worth a million—while the other one has nothing but that which she earns with her brains and her hands. The poor lady is the superior of the other in every respect save wealth; yet the world bows down and does homage to wealth and ignorance, and passes poverty and intelligence by with only a cursory glance. Oh, what mammon-worshippers we are!

Why do some people ridicule other people quite as good as themselves? I have seen young ladies laughing in a very unladylike way over a letter written by a person who had more good, sound sense than they, but who had not had the same educational advantages.

Each small "I" they came to was enough to bring out a fresh explosion of laughter, while the word "saw" spelled "s-o-w," was so very laughable that they were compelled to hold their sides. They didn't consider that the writer probably labored under many disadvantages to get what little education he had, and they forgot that it was very unladylike to laugh at the mistakes and misfortunes of others.

ELLA ELLIOTT.

### PROSPECTS AND RETROSPECTS.

How joyously the little child looks forward to his future as a man!

He sees naught but the brightest side. Imagines that only years are requisite to success. When he becomes a man, he will be rich and powerful.

Perhaps a soldier, and if so, a general, of course. Perhaps a sailor, and nothing less than captain of the ship in which he sails.

He has his own particular, bright prospects. When he is old enough, he actually expects to be our President.

Little thinks he of the many difficulties and obstacles which shall impede his progress.

In school he dreams of the day when he will graduate and bear all the honors of the occasion.

Just as if there were not fifty boys in his class aspiring to that self-same day.

One out of the fifty is successful, and forty-nine beautiful dreams are dispelled.

But on that day, he eases his disappointment by dreaming of his future happiness and honor.

Time flies on. The day on which he thought to be a captain or general, has come. His ambition is lessened, for he is neither.

Again he strives, and bravely, too; and yet when he thinks of the day he thought to be President, he sees himself, far from that position.

"Time waits for no man;" his years have flown swiftly by. Now, an old man leans on his staff and again dreams.

Where are his boyhood's beautiful dreams? Where are his manhood's ambitions? All lost in the retrospect of his old age.

Yet his thoughts are not all of the past, for his prospects show him his son a President. Shall these, too, be swept away?

His face grows sad; he is weary of his years, and of looking back.

He centers his hopes in the prospect of a heavenly home, and is once again joyous.

"BLACK EYES."

The eating of arsenic to make the skin of alabaster whiteness is by no means a rare practice. It is used, of course, at first in very minute quantities, since it is a deadly poison; but gradually, like opium, the daily dose is increased, until the confirmed arsenic-eater can take enough to kill a dozen persons, unused to the virulent drug. But there are other substances much more commonly used than arsenic for their effect upon the complexion, which are also highly deleterious. Many of the cosmetics which are sold contain lead, and there are few poisons which produce results more to be dreaded than those occasioned by lead.

Even as used in hair-dyes, it occasions neuralgia, paralysis, suffering and death. The secret of a pure skin is good health. Obtain this by early rising, vigor-giving exercise, wholesome and simple food, a cheerful temper, and early retiring at night for a sound, undisturbed sleep. These are nature's sweet restoratives, and most efficacious they are.

### The Letter-Box.

LIZZIE A. S. writes: "I am a bride. At the hotel where we intend spending the season there was a ball a few evenings since. My husband is a fine dancer and very fond of the exercise; I do not dance. We had several acquaintances among the guests, and one was a gentleman, several years my senior, who has visited my elder sisters and known me since I was a child. To this friend's care my husband consigned me, while he danced with his sister and lady friends. My escort and I promenade the piazzas and strolled out upon the sands; and when my husband ceased dancing he was very angry at my walking with my friend. I maintain that as he left me to be amused, while he enjoyed himself, I had a right to amuse myself as I chose. What shall I do, for he is still sore about the matter, and will scarcely notice the gentleman?"

If your husband preferred dancing to your company he should treat and regard your escort as a gentleman. He may have, and justly, thought your walk imprudent; you should be very careful of appearances. Remember that ladies can not break through conventionalities as men can. Above all things seek to "make up" with your husband; better acknowledge yourself in the wrong than have any disputed question between you.

E. E. J. (Ellenville). The so-called "Matrimonial Bureau" is regarded, we believe, by those conversant with "City Tricks and Traps," as a kind of infernal machine, wherein men and women alike are victimized. We say never seek for a wife through any agency—not even the agency of an advertisement, for it is a very hazardous mode of approaching a life-mate. The good, old-style mode is safest, purest, best.

MARY VAN D. Tomato-juice is capital for removing stains from the skin. Simply rub the skin with the well-ripened fruit, crushed. Powdered niter is good for removing freckles. Apply with a rag moistened with glycerine.—Put in your bath-water a little dilute spirits of ammonia. It will not only soften the skin, but will remove all smell from perspiration.

LITTLE BELLE RAY. We greatly applaud your love of flowers. We do not attach the same value to flowers as the ancients did, for the buds, blossoms and leaves played no unimportant part in the public and private life of the Greeks and Romans. At weddings and funerals, at their feasts and festivals, upon state occasions, in their divinatory and incantations, and in the worship of the gods, flowers were used with a lavish hand. At a



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The Children of the Grand Chaco.

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IN THE

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A good boys' story is as rare as a comet's coming; but here we have it, as we have just had the comet. Boys will "go for it" with an eager zest that will be well repaid, and Capt. Whittaker will become, to them, a Prince of Story-tellers.

## The Arm-Chair.

An occasional contributor, in a recent letter, takes occasion to defend wine—drinking as healthful, but makes a qualification by saying, "Light-wines, I of course, mean."

"Light-wines, indeed! What are light-wines? The answer is, such wines as require a quart or more to make the drinker's head swim."

What a begging of the question is all this talk about light-wines! Why, we've seen a man rollicking drunk on a single glass of plain Catawba; and we know dozens of men who can stand a half-dozen glasses of brandy and yet show no signs of intoxication.

Which shows that light-wines are more dangerous to the wits and health of some men than brandy is to others, and also establishes the fact that wine is spirits, modified in proportion only as it is diluted with the water of the grape or fruit.

If wine is spirits, and the use of spirits is to be deprecated, no sophistry will make light-wine drinking either healthful or safe. This is both logic and common sense.

But there is another view of this matter, which the wine-champion must confront. If he don't care for logic or common sense in the abstract, let him take it in the concrete.

"In America," says Henry Ward Beecher, "men drink light-wines as the first step toward drinking heavy-wines; and heavy-wines are the steps toward whisky." That is, the "lightest" of wine has alcohol enough in it to foster the taste for something heavier, and as surely as the seed when planted becomes a stalk, so surely Catawba sprouts into Madeira and sherry; and these, in turn, develop into brandy, and brandy into promiscuous drinking; all to satisfy a thirst that was born of that glass of "light-wine."

"And this is the concrete of the matter, which, added to the logic and common sense conclusion, makes a light-wine diet of questionable utility; and without entering into a discussion of the temperance question, as such, we fear our correspondent will have to drink his 'light-wine' knowing there is a serpent's egg in it that a little fostering will develop into a dragon.

THE boys of America will certainly find reading enough on the news-stands to meet all their wants. What with monthly magazines and weekly papers, adapted expressly for "the youth of America," the young folks are, at times, at a loss to know what first to read. But, in addition to monthlies and weeklies, there are books ranging from Oliver Optic's dollar and a half volumes to Beadle's beautiful "Boys' Books of Romance and Adventure," sold at the remarkably cheap price of one dime each—a complete and charmingly illustrated book for ten cents! With such resources at their command, the young people of city and country are not likely to pine for something good to read. What the reader ought to do is to select, choose only what is good and pure. Reject the impure as you would repel a snake or a leper. If a paper or book is even tainted with irrelevant or immoral suggestions, drop it, and never again patronize that publication. The world is so full of what is good and charming, and wisely suggestive, that there is no room for what is bad. At least, don't give it room. Buy and read only what is good.

AMONG the histories of American self-made men none more fully verify the saying, "to the plucky belong the spoils," than that of Alvah Adams, the founder of the great Adams Express Company. Adams is a native of Vermont. In Boston he was an "assistant" in a hotel at a very meager salary. Then he tried the produce commission business, which didn't pay. Then, casting around for some business not everybody's business, he "lit" on that of expressing packages. Harnden had then started and proved by his success that there was something new; so Adams, associated with P. B. Burke, in 1840, started an opposition to Harnden, out of Boston, to the surrounding towns; then to New York. Giving their per-

sonal attention to the work, and being largely their own messengers, the two men soon built up a fair reputation and commanded a confidence which alone is the stepping stone to success. From such small beginnings sprung the present gigantic monopoly, whose property is worth millions of dollars, and whose business is so immense that its proprietors do not care to make the figures known.

There is a lesson in this history besides mere money success. It is that sterling integrity and patient industry sooner or later bring their reward. The boy who starts out in life with Alvah Adams' probity and willingness to do any work that is honorable, will be an employer ere he is thirty. It is such boys that are to make our future great merchants, bankers, railroad managers, expressmen, ship-owners, telegraphers, etc.

## Sunshine Papers.

### Eight O'Clock in the Morning.

SEVEN o'clock now. Breakfast is already a thing of the past, wraps are nicely adjusted, and we open the street door and pass out into the pearly gray morning. There is just a breath of frostiness in the air that comes across our faces refreshingly, and a quiet pearly line to the dome arching above us, and the sense of a long hush just rifted in the city sounds that greet us.

We walk along our quiet street toward the great thoroughfare. This is only a pleasant stream bordered by the homes of workers, but it flows into the city's great river, where the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the idle and the earnest, drift to and fro.

Here we are, on the avenue, bound for the ferry. How earnest every one seems now, but how many will hold out through the weary day? If we feel inclined to meditate upon the subject, the even tenor of our thoughts is ruthlessly disturbed by the constant tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, of the little bells the passing car-horses wear. The cars of half a dozen different lines run along here; those going down heavily laden. See the crowd press down to the very steps. Poor, patient horses, as you plod along with that great throng of humanity, do you ever think concerning it? If you can, if you do, how many hours must be rife with speculation concerning the people you carry, their businesses, their pleasures, their characters, their loves, their heart histories, and longings, and dreams.

These walks ought to be clean after all the pails of water that these sleepy-eyed clerks throw over them. Some of these same clerks handle the broomstick as well as if masculinity, instead of femininity, had been born to a septon. As for windows—do they not clean them nicely? Just see this store, how the plate-glass shines; now another clerk will come and arrange shawls, and silks, and laces, and suits, until this window will hold attractions for half the women who shall pass it to-day. Why do men rail so at woman's passion for dress? It is only her inborn ruling love of beauty. Educate her mental nature, her esthetic senses, as thoroughly as you do her mere animal characteristics, and you will find her as passionately fond of pictures, and poems, and statuary, and a crimson-crowned sun rising, and a flash of electricity shattering the gloom of a cloud-mountain, and a field of wind-swayed grain, as she now is of ruffles and embroidery.

A little boy comes out of a telegraph-office and empties a basket of papers into the ash-barrel. He is scarcely through the office door and here is a rag-picker eagerly seizing the papers. What is on them? How many hearts have beat high with the spirit of welcome, how many lips moaned forth a cry of bitter pain, over some tiny sentence that is impressed upon those papers carelessly thrown forth, eagerly gathered up, soon to have lost all similitude of what they are in what they shall become.

What a horse! It would do to go with "the deacon's one-hoss shay," and you, poor, dejected, piteous creature, are drawing flowers about, beautiful potted geraniums, and fragrant roses, and golden-lipped pansies. May you never have a heavier task, and may you never burden refresh even you with its sweetness. Is your master kind? He ought to be, such a stentorian-lunged fellow. Ah! here comes a cooper, and he stops to enjoy the flowers a minute. This boy, coming from the baker's with a morning's loaf, stops, too. It is pleasing to see a boy love flowers, but that loaf in his hand is suggestive of some one yet breakfastless, and we wish he would hurry.

Two ladies hastening toward a boat or train, like most women with an abundance of baggage, rush past us; two schoolboys loiter lazily up town; this man with the jug and can is a painter, and those long, steady strides mean work; a weary-eyed mule plods slowly by with his first load of coal; and now we are in the City Hall, and "The Times" "Herald" "Tribune" rings in our ears as ragged urchins swing on and off the cars with their lessening bundles of papers. We cross the park, just leaning over a railing a minute to look into the little pink and straw-colored bells of the hyacinths, and to draw a breath of inspiration from the tufts of grass that are springing among the straw and debris about the fountain, then we turn aside from the great river into a broad shaded stream bordered by homes of wealth. Birds sing behind gilded bars at many of the windows—and how many of these homes are but gilded cages to other prisoners!—and flowers bloom in parlor and dining-room windows. Ladies in dainty wrappers, and gentlemen in jackets of velvet and scarlet, lounge at the windows, and merry parties sit at silver-spread boards, with neat waiters doing their bidding. Are they happier than were we at our early meal, where each found pleasure in ministering to the other?

At last we stand on the broad stone terrace. Below us lie fair gardens, and yet below the river, and across it our sister city with her domes, and spires, and stately buildings. A hush sweetly pleasant, vaguely painful, is over the two cities and the stream that rolls between. The sky is pearly still, with here and there a rose-tint streaking it. A haze, delicate, spring-like, charming, lies softly upon land and water. On right and left broad flights of steps lead to the ferry far below, and where we lean against the terrace railing we see the people hastening toward the steamer and their day's work. Two soldiers grind an organ at one side; that woman flings her silken trail aside and walks slowly by; this fashionable young man, running to catch the boat, stops to throw them some coins. Even at eight o'clock in the morning some can be charitable.

Eight o'clock in the morning, and another day's work commenced. Who will perform it faithfully, conscientiously, unwearingly? How many of these mortals hurrying by aim, each day at this time, to make this day's record fairer, better, grander, than the last?

So, only, can we make the last day's record worthy of immortal glory.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## AMONG THE PROVERBS.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

"He who is grateful to those who have done him a service, thereby testifies that he will be grateful to God, his constant benefactor."

ANY one who goes through this life, receiving favor after favor, without showing his gratitude by an expression of thanks, is no worthy object for our aid. And yet this world contains many such, many who do not seem to know what gratitude means. They journey along day after day, receiving one favor here and another there, or still more elsewhere, but never a word or look to show you that help is appreciated. They seem to think you are doing no more than you should do, and they receive your kindnesses as though they were entitled to them. A little bit of politeness, or even common sense, should teach them what they appear to forget—whether they purposefully forget it or not, I must leave you to decide.

"Thank you" do not seem such very hard words to say, although from their chary utterance, they would appear to be the most difficult ones in the English language to speak. Does it not seem to you, at times, as if people thought they would lower their dignity exceedingly to use the words?

Now what does any one gain by being so ungrateful? Does the ingrate feel happier for passing favors by without one word of kind acknowledgment for them?

As for me, the next person I oblige, and he doesn't say "thank you," I am going to think that one of the savages of Patagonia has been let loose, and that he'd better return to his home, where his ill manners are tolerated. I believe in gratitude, and I'm sure that it is one of the cardinal virtues, that one of my standard maxims of life is—"Be grateful and you'll be happy."

One reason why many seem ungrateful is because gratitude is not instilled into them when they are young. Parents are not careful enough to inculcate the lesson in the minds of their children, but it is a lesson—at least to me it seems so—as important as any of the studies taught at school or at home, and if it were more attended to at school, I think individuals would graduate with a more finished education than they now do.

Is it a trouble to be thankful? If you think so, you ought not to have anything to be grateful for; you certainly don't deserve it. Persons who are thankful are generally gentle in their manners, and I much prefer them to those rough, uncouth individuals, who have but little to commend them.

It is not altogether this unthankfulness we have to one another for favors where ingratitude is shown so much as it is toward Heaven, from whom we receive so many benefits, and such countless blessings. Light, heat and health are among these blessings, but—having them—we think they are by good rights our own, and do not see what necessity we have to be grateful for the same. It is not right to feel so, I know; it is almost wicked to have such feelings, but that we do have them and do harbor them may be plainly seen in the every-day actions of our lives. There are but few things in this world which are not intended for man's comfort and enjoyment. Some of these blessings may come in disguise, I grant you, but they turn out blessings for all that, and, if we were not blind as adders, we would know them to be such.

Have you never heard a person say, "Well, I shall not keep Thanksgiving this year. Why should I? I'm sure I've nothing to be thankful for!" Not a very Christian-like speech to make—such words cannot come from a very thankful heart.

Don't you suppose, if that person were to think over his blessings and misfortunes, he would find the former far outweighed the latter? I don't care who it is—how lowly his position may be, how much trouble he has, how much misery he has to contend with—he must have something to be thankful for, and if he is not, he is to be much condemned.

Don't you very often think that the reason we do not have more blessings is because we do not appreciate those which we do have? This is, doubtless, the true state of the case, and to-day is the very day we should wake up and acknowledge the fact to ourselves, for it would make us ten times better. Bear in mind, that "He who is grateful to those who have done him a service, thereby testifies that he will be grateful also to God, his constant benefactor."

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

### A Letter from Sarah Jane.

DEAR WASHINGTON:

I must acknowledge the receipt of another letter from you, which you wrote on the 29th of last ultimum, but didn't mail until the 4th instant, but the fond affections which it contains have kept warm, and as I read it to-night by the soft and subdued light of a tallow candle, which it burned my fingers when I snuffed it, and got the black all over my nose, I was filled with unspeakable spontaneity to find that I am still the object of your love notwithstanding the blots.

It is a year now since you took your absence and left my presence, and I have never seized a minute to think of you with the fondest thoughts and the tenderest sentiments, even while we were making cheese, and I always shall, and your dear face is pictured in my mind, and it beams there in my darkest hours, and I am so overcome with emotion to think that your mustache is growing and you part your hair in the middle.

I am all alone to-night, in solitude's lonely hour, and I sigh when I behold thy face, but I hear no answer except father snoring in the other part of the house.

Oh, that I could hear your welcome shuffle on the gravel once more, or look out of my lonely window and behold your manly form sitting on the fence as in the days of your youth, your heart full of love for me and your pocket full of peanuts. You know you were always too bashful to come in the house at first, but would sit out and talk about the stock and the turnip-crop while you would all the time be watching for me; your talk might have been most of the time on turnips and pigs, but your mind always ran upon me.

Here the silence of my newly lathered and plastered room the memory of the past breathes over my spirit in hydrophobic combustion, and the memory of the last kiss you ever stamped on my nose still lingers there—

"You may break, you may shatter that vase if you will. The warmth of that kiss will hang round it still"—it will stay there forever if not always, and as I brood upon the pleasures of the past as a hen broodeth over her chickens, my heart grows

sorrowful and the tears rise in my eyes, and that mule singing in the stable makes so much noise that I can't write. My spirit is always full of sorrowful sadness when I preponderate over those pleasant old times and think that fortune has severed us so long. I can hardly content myself to stay here and long to get aboard the next huckster's wagon and fly to you like the lost dove that flies to its lonely mate—there went a bug in the ink.

Does your mind take to the past, dearest, as fondly and tenderly as you used to take to mush and milk? Oh, how you used to love it! I remember you were so fond of music and greens with vinegar over them, and played on an accordion; and I never shall forget, to the last hour of my life, if I should not die before, how sad you looked at our last party when Jim Blodgett kissed me four times more than he was bound to do, and you told me afterward that it was the saddest time you ever had in your life or subsequently.

I knew I would get a letter from you to-day, for I had a predestination of it; something seemed to whisper to my spirit in a still small voice that I should hear from you when I was driving the calves out of the garden, while the early and translucent dew was still lying in crystal light on the late cabbages; and, sure enough, this evening, while my winged mind seemed to leave this poor body and wing its thrilling flight far away to light tremblingly on thee, and I was busy picking a chicken, your letter was handed to me, and I didn't even wait to wash my hands—indeed I never do. The very envelope was sweet and I chewed it up. I would have chewed the letter up, but the ink wasn't the best, and it wouldn't have been very good to eat for some of the spelling was spoiled; yet, how fondly I devoured it with my eyes! When you went away you promised to write every minute and then between times—which it is you haven't done. Love is so cheap—only three cents a sheet—that I don't see why you don't send more of it and more frequently; this would please me beyond delicious ecstasies. I have always been prejudiced in your favor.

Upon my lonely meditations to-night brake the sad thought that your bridle cow hasn't come up for two days. I don't know what she has become of herself. If I couldn't think I do not know how I should spend my lonesome time. I am so glad that I have got brains and such a good memory.

I feel that you will always be true to me and adore me, and I went to the ball at Wibble's the other evening and went through the poetry of emotion as one young man remarked who wore kid gloves and a short-sleeved coat.

Oh, that I could but hear your dear foot-prints to-night, or catch but one single glimpse of your well-remembered voice, I would feel so revived.

I got a new calico gown, but I don't think half as much of it as I do of you, and I never could.

Well, it is getting late, and I must attire to my lonely couch presided over by the god Morpheus. If you come this way in your dreams, please ring the door-bell. Write if you can even before you get this letter.

Your sleepy

SARAH JANE.

## Woman's World.

In this day of economy, when almost every woman is studying how to save expense on dress, the matter of *lingerie* ought to be closely considered. A lady pays 60 cents for a plain linen collar and cuffs, or twice that sum if there is any particular amount of "finish" on the articles, and thinks them cheap enough. Then she buys a ready-made frill of lace or tulle, as the case may be, and for that she pays from 75 cents to \$1.25, and that isn't much either if the article is pretty. It will not wash, and such things are very frail and can be worn but a few times at furthest. The collars and cuffs bought by ladies for linen are of course not linen, but very ordinary cotton glazed with French starch and made to look very pretty. But when they are washed, all their demerits are quickly seen. The ends are poorly turned in, the edges are already frayed out, and the button-holes are shamefully finished off. Then if the purchaser is mistress of the needle, she has the work to do over, but let her fix it ever so nicely, the material of which they are made is so ordinary that it never looks well. If she cannot sew, and has no patience to learn, she sets look old and second-rate from the start, and she soon discards it for another new pair that will be no better or more serviceable than the first. It never occurs to the average shopper to stop and give the subject a careful study. But it may not be too late now; it never is too late to learn.

The collars and cuffs and *lingerie* of all kinds sold in the stores are sold at a great profit. They are made by hands employed by the foreman to turn out so many hundreds of such articles in a week, and they are stitched by machinery as well as machines. Steam moves the needle instead of flesh and blood and will power, and hence there is no halting in the work. What is not hidden in the way of defects by the maker is concealed by the cunning arts of the laundry people. The dressing they give such articles greatly enhances their beauty for the time being, but when Bridget has ironed them and the pretty set is examined, it is as limp and jagged-edged as the old ones thrown away, and there is positively no redress. If you go back to the shopkeeper you get no satisfaction, and the only consolation you have is to try another store next time. The result will be the same; but time is a healer of wounds, and the other set will have been forgotten by the next week.

The only real remedy is in making up such things at home. Collars and cuffs carefully cut out and neatly made will last for years, whereas bought ones remain presentable only a few months at the very furthest. Some of them are not presentable at all. A yard of linen will make a sufficient number of sets for those careful of their clothing, and a yard of cotton to line them will be all the goods required. But if a woman cannot compete with the factory hands in making up such things, buying good cloth is only an additional extravagance, for, after all, the advantage is most in the good sewing. Regular seams, smooth edges, and strong yet neatly-made eyelet or button-holes, are what is required to make durable collars and cuffs. Nothing is more dainty than neatly-fitting collars, yet how few are seen. None of the factory patterns fit, and they are never intended to give more than a momentary satisfaction. Why should they? Trade must be brisk, and such things are simply made up to sell and not to last, and unless one stops and counts the actual outlay for neck wear and cuffs, no idea can be formed of the amount wasted. Tulle and flimsy ribbons artistically draped and grouped into bows and ends are pretty enough to buy, but they are not economical, and they are of so little genuine value that they are forgotten as soon as discarded.

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## Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future editors.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the enclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or direct merit, upon accuracy of MSS. as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its file or page number.—A rejection by us means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are sent to our friends, and we are glad to see popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We have declined the following: "A Rob Roy in Town;" "Gideon's Horn;" "The Pawnee's Prize;" "A Robber's Offer;" "Montlake's Eve;" "The Hotel Belle;" "Mrs. McGone's Best Dress;" "Kissing on the Stairs."

MRS. PETER VAN A. The recipe for tomato wine was given in the SATURDAY JOURNAL of July 18th.

A KEARY BOY. Hailstones, three inches in diameter, did recently fall in Bergen county, New Jersey, for we ourselves saw thousands of the stones.

ED. M. P. At the present price of corn, whiskey in Illinois can be manufactured for 50 cents per gallon and give a profit of 25 cents. The farmer who has the tax and you have the "real value" of the stuff.

M. M. A. Lewisburg. The "through fares" on all our railway lines are very reasonable, and far less than for the same distance charged on European railways. The recent combination of the trunk lines from New York does not affect the rates of travel.

A MASTER MECHANIC. Of course wages in New York ought to be higher than in other parts of the country, but less to live. Any attempt to prescribe uniform wages in city and country will be a failure. Wages never can be regulated by arbitrary law.

EX-CORPORATE. It is true that a considerable number of prominent sessionists are now domiciled in New York, and almost without exception they are doing well. A list has been shown to us giving over seventy names of persons who have left the federate army officers and political leaders who are permanently located here.

ABEL DROUX. The Falls of Niagara have been out back at least six inches since the geologic era known as the Champlain epoch. At this rate the water now estimated to have been at about six inches per year, it gives 85,000 years for the close of the Champlain epoch when the continent settled down to its present levels.

PAUL AVERY. The festival of the Transfiguration was instituted by Greek Christians, A. D. 730, in memory of Christ's appearance on Mount Tabor to his three disciples. It was adopted in the Roman calendar, A. D. 1455. Why the date, August 6th, was adopted for the festival we do not know.

ACTOR, NEW YORK. See our "Arm-Chair" article in a late number regarding views upon the stage as a profession.—Miss Neilson is a married woman.—Mrs. Lee.

J. D. E. Linwood. The line in the lower left corner of a postal-card, for use as a receipt, is in addition to the general address of town and State, on the right hand.

MARRION M. Atlantic City. Boot-blackening is an honorable calling, and is doubtfully profitable. Do it until something better offers. It is far more honorable than idleness and dependence on friends.

BIM. We have repeatedly stated that the Dick Talbot series is, thus far, comprised in three stories. The fourth will soon appear. The first three are not all in print.—We do not know the origin of the Tom Collins "sell."—To obtain the number of feet in any stick of timber, cut a square rod, and divide the length of the stick by the number of rods in the stick. The result will be the number of feet in the stick.

INSPIRIT, NEW YORK. The "American Board of the Book Trade" is not for the general trade, but for the school-book trade only. It is a combination of school-book publishers to preserve prices on school-books, and to avoid the ill effects of a ruinous competition. Such a combination in the general trade would be a disaster to the trade, but it seems practically impossible.

BIBULIST, NEWARK. It is a mistake to drink milk between meals, or with food at the table. In the former case it will destroy the appetite, and in the latter it is never proper to drink milk. After finishing each meal a goblet of pure milk should be drunk, and if any one wishes to be fleshy, a pint of milk at night, before going to bed, will, if persevered in, produce both flesh and muscle.

LITTLE INQUISITIVE, Hagerstown. The ancient Roman name of August was *Severus*—or the sixth month, the beginning of the old Roman year. The Emperor Augustus changed the name to August, because in this month Caesar Augustus took possession of his first consulate, reduced Egypt to Roman sovereignty, and put an end to the civil war. August 1st is *Lammas* day, the old Saxon Loaf-mass day—the day on which the ancient Britons made an offering of bread from the new corn (grain) to the goddess Ceres.

BOSTON BELLE. Take an old tooth-brush, a stiff one is best, and with a little common chalk, dampened slightly, clean your jewelry.

LAURENCE PRICE. The attachment of the male mole for its mate might be practiced on a little, and than it is nowadays by the human kind. The male, when discovering his mate dead in a trap, remains by her until he has buried her.

A. Y. D. It is better to have beds raised about two feet above the floor, or ground, as at night, the room being closed, the breath of the sleeper impregnates the air of the room with carbonic acid gas, which lies in greatest density near the floor.

PAUL PRY. Our "suspension bridges" are by no means a modern idea. The ingenious Chinese are the real inventors. In China they have been used for many centuries, and still exist in great numbers. They stretch four hundred feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm five hundred feet. Most of these flying bridges are made of rawhide, and horses can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travelers. As compared with our more modern iron or wire suspension bridges, these Chinese ones are "original Jacob's ladders."

MISS L. L. Preserve or remember the following, and the question you may have for a long time, viz.: Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold suds and not rinsed; if flat-irons are rough, rub them well with salt, and it will make them smooth; but shovels should be rubbed with sandpaper. Wash out spots; a bit of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water will restore old rusty tapes; to set colors in your "fady" wash in cold water, and if the colors have been washed, to steep in vinegar is also good to fix red, green or yellow—as we have once or twice before stated.

OLD CORNER, Oswego. Your inquiry is certainly a very practical one: "If a person hasn't got steel yards or scales, how can he tell the weight of articles?" We have to answer that, in general, the following weight-measures will do good service: One pound is one quart; Indian meal, one pound two ounces are one quart; butter, when soft, one pound is one quart; loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart; white sugar powdered, one pound is one quart; best brown sugar, one pound two ounces are one quart; ten eggs are one pound.

HORACE C. The Colorado mountains cover an area of about 85,000 square miles. All of Switzerland is less than one-fourth of that area. The several National Parks, indeed, are each larger than all of Switzerland! The North, Middle and South parks are each about 25,000 square miles in extent, and the San Lewis Park is nearly as large as all three combined! Such stupendous size, and



## OLIO.

BY HAP HAZARD.

## TIME'S CHANGES.

What changes come as time flows by!  
 A moment, like a sudden gleam  
 Of light, thy presence dazzled me,  
 To fade, the echo of a dream!

## FOR AN ALBUM.

We met—to part! 'Twas Fate's decree.  
 A moment, like a sudden gleam  
 Of light, thy presence dazzled me,  
 To fade, the echo of a dream!

## MY WIFE.

My wife she weighs three hundred pound,  
 And when the gentle dame falls down  
 In strong hysterics,  
 And kicks and screams with might and main,  
 I raise her to her feet again  
 With yeast and derrick.  
 N. B.—Patent applied for.

## MISTLETOE VS. MUSTACHE.

If all the pretty girls in town  
 Would come with sprigs of holly,  
 And hold them over a fellow's crown,  
 Oh! wouldn't it be jolly?  
 The chap would have a single ear  
 Of perfect bliss to tell of  
 'Tis the frightful wear and tear  
 Sustained by his mustache.  
 Still, if the dears their mistletoe  
 Would place Fay Hazard under,  
 Why, let the blamed old mustache go  
 To continental thunder!

## Little Iola:

OR,  
LOST IN NEW YORK.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE "MARQUIS" IS ASTONISHED.

IOLA kept her appointment with the "Marquis," and was by him conducted to the boarding-house on Grand street.

Catterton had previously explained to the lady that kept the house the circumstances connected with the street-sweeper, and her rescue from the life of misery that she had led.

The "Marquis," considerably, left a small sum of money in the hands of the landlady, Mrs. Wiggins, to be applied to fitting out Iola in a dress more suited to her new station than the shabby one she wore.

The next morning Catterton called to take his adopted sister to the shop which was to be her place of employment for the future. The "Marquis" had seen the foreman of the manufactory, and readily he agreed to receive Iola and teach her the business.

Catterton entered the parlor of the boarding-house, and the landlady, requesting him to be seated, sent for Iola.

In a few minutes the street-sweeper entered the room. The "Marquis" looked at her in astonishment. The change in her appearance from the preceding day was wonderful. She was attired in a neat calico dress, with little white cuffs on her wrists, and a dainty collar around her neck. Her superb tresses of yellow hair—that was of the tint of the wheat-field when the sheen of the sun rippled upon it—was snugly bound up in a little net.

Her blue eyes danced for joy when she saw the "Marquis," and with both hands outstretched, and a bright smile of joy illuminating her face, she ran to him.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" she cried. "Why, Iola!" he exclaimed, surveying the exquisitely-formed little figure before him with admiration—the "Marquis" had a great liking for little women—"this is a change indeed!" "Yes, don't I look nice?" she cried, in delight.

The innocence of the remark brought a smile to the lips of Catterton.

"Why, you are a perfect little fairy!" "Do you think so?" she exclaimed, joyfully. "Yes, indeed I do," he replied.

"I am so glad that I please you," she answered.

The cold, callous "Marquis"—the man of the world, whose boyhood had been one long struggle with misery, whose majority had been reached in a gaming-hell, whose school had been the streets, and whose master had been dire necessity—felt a peculiar sensation creep over him, as he looked upon the girl whom he had rescued from that life, the living of which is misery, and the end is shame alone. The sensation was new to him—he had never felt any thing like it before.

"There," he said, mentally; "see how a good deed makes a man feel!" And yet, in his short life, the "Marquis" had done many a good deed, and yet had never felt this strange sensation before.

"Why, you are quite a lady, Iola. I thought you were but a child; but now that you have on a long dress, I see you are nearly a woman."

"I am seventeen," answered Iola, quickly, and she looked eagerly into the "Marquis" face, as if to see how he received the news of her age.

The "Marquis" was astonished.

"As old as that?" he said. "Why, even dressed as you are now, I should not have taken you to be over fifteen at the most. I thought you were a child."

"Yes, but I am not," she answered, quickly; "I am quite a woman."

It was evident that Iola had some strong reason for wishing Catterton to consider her something else than a child.

"Yes, quite a woman," he replied, and during this short conversation he had been holding both her hands in his, as she had given them in her joy when she entered.

"Well, Iola," he said, releasing her hands, "are you comfortable here?"

"Oh, yes; real comfortable," she answered; "the lady is so kind."

"Why, Iola," said Catterton, seating himself in a rocking-chair; "I never saw such a change in any one in my life, as in you."

"Yes," she said, bringing a little stool out of a corner and sitting down beside the "Marquis," her chin resting on the arm of the rocking-chair, and her full blue eyes gazing brightly into his face.

"You have not only changed in dress, but your whole nature seems changed," he said, wondering at the same time, as he looked into her face, why he had never noticed what pretty eyes she had before.

"I am free now," she answered, gayly; "before I was a slave. Now I am happy; then I was wretched. A slave, you know, is very rarely happy."

"Yes, but you are not free now," the "Marquis" said, gravely.

Iola looked up, astonished.

"You have a master, and a very terrible one, too."

For a moment the girl looked puzzled; then, suddenly comprehending his meaning, she laughed gayly, and seizing his hand, placed it upon her head.

"Yes, I am a slave, and you are my terrible master. See, I acknowledge it!" Then seizing the other hand in her little fingers, she carried it to her lips and imprinted two little kisses on it. The touch of the little red lips thrilled through his veins.

The "Marquis" was puzzled; he could not account for the strange feelings that agitated him.

Iola, still holding his hand tight in her little palms, was looking up into his face with the same adoration that the Hindoo worships the carved god, the symbol of his faith.

Then the "Marquis" noticed how beautiful the hair of the young girl was, how fine and how like silk its softness. And, looking down into the fresh young face, he began to think that a fair young girl of seventeen was about as pretty an object as could be found in the wide, wide world.

"You are willing to be a slave, then?" he asked.

"Yes, your slave," she answered, quickly, "but not any one else's."

"Oh, I shan't resign you to any one!" he replied; "but come, I must take you to your future work-shop."

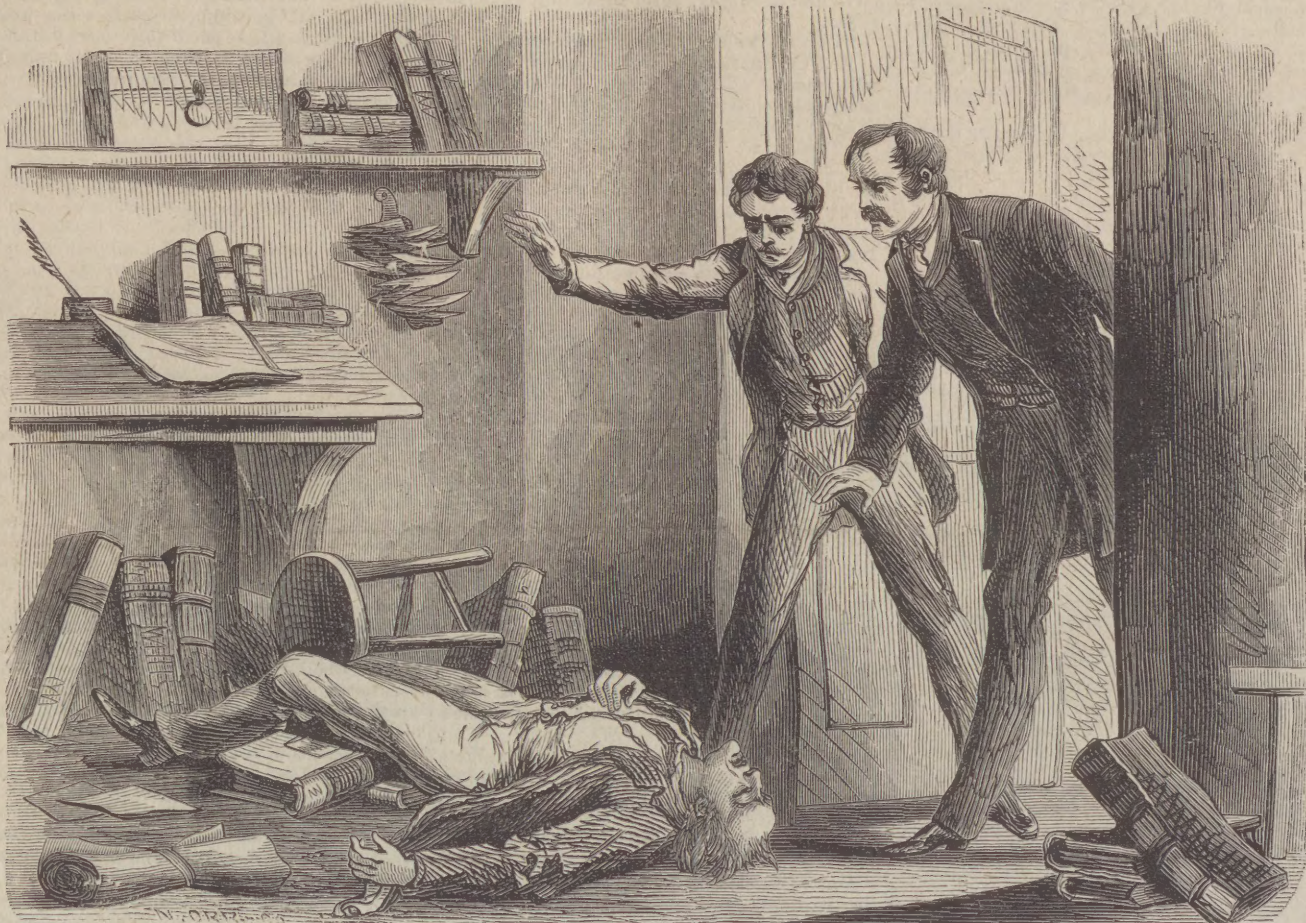
Iola ran up stairs for her hat and cloak.

The "Marquis," left alone, felt like a man that had awakened from a vision of bliss—awakened to find it all a dream. His senses were in a whirl. Something was evidently the matter with him, but what that something was he was unable to tell—unable even to guess.

"Confound it!" he cried, rising from his seat, "if doing one good action makes a fellow feel like this, what effect would a dozen have upon him?"

Catterton escorted Iola to the paper-box manufactory, introduced her to the foreman as Miss Iola Thompson, saw her installed as one of the employees of the establishment, and, after promising to call upon her that evening, took his departure.

The "Marquis" walked down Canal street and turned into Broadway. Having nothing particular to do, he strolled up the street. That street of all streets in America; always filled with a busy, bustling crowd, a moving picture of life, always changing, ever varying.



There, in a dead swoon upon the floor of the closet, lay the old man, Whitehead, the secretary.

ing; where the beggar elbows the millionaire, and the bootblack walks "cheek by jowl" with the Fifth avenue "blood."

Just as the "Marquis" crossed Grand street, a fine team of bays, attached to a handsome open carriage, in which sat a gentleman of middle age and a young girl in her teens, stopped before the door of Lord & Taylor's.

The eyes of Catterton were attracted by the "bays," for he was a great admirer of horses, and had often pronounced them the handsomest things in the world. He had, however, found reason to change his opinion that morning, and a horse now held but a second place in his estimation of beautiful objects. After glancing at the "bays," he happened to look at the lady and gentleman descending from the carriage.

The moment his eyes fell upon the face of the lady he started.

"The devil!" he cried, "what an astonishing resemblance!"

Then the eyes of the "Marquis" noted the face of the gentleman, and again he started.

"I can't be mistaken," he muttered, "it must be he!" Then the "Marquis," who had halted near the corner, strolled carelessly toward the carriage. By this movement the "Marquis" obtained a good view of the people who had made such an impression upon him.

"It is my man, sure!" he said, decidedly, as the two entered the store. "But is it the girl? Ah! that's what I've got to find out. If she ain't living, and with this man, I'm done for." The "Marquis" thought for a moment.

"She looks enough like the mother to be the child. I'm sure it's Tremaine. He hasn't altered much in sixteen years—grown a little stouter and a little fuller in the face, but not materially changed. How can I find out?" he mused. "I have it! I'll pump the driver. What was the name of the girl? Oh! I remember."

Then the "Marquis" advanced to the side of the carriage. The driver had descended from the box and was standing by the horses.

"A splendid team you've got there, my friend," said Catterton, in his smoothest voice. The driver turned and favored the "Marquis" with a searching gaze; but beholding a handsome young fellow, evidently by his dress—that off-deceptive sign—a gentleman, he replied, civilly:

"Yes, sir, they're a fine team."

"Mr. Tremaine's, ain't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so."

"Nice team, sir."

"Yes, about as good a pair of bays as I have ever seen," and the "Marquis" put his head on one side and surveyed the animals in a "horsey" manner.

"Oh, they are rattlers, sir!" said the coachman, feeling a natural pride in the beasts that he drove.

"Worth about a thousand, ain't they?"

"Well—no, sir, not quite so high as that," replied the coachman. "I think Mr. Tremaine gave eight hundred for them."

"Well, now, I should call that cheap," said the "Marquis," decidedly, and with another "horsey" look at the beasts, about which in reality he felt as little interest as he did about the man in the moon; but the "Marquis" was after information.

"Yes, they were a bargain."

"How fast can they go? About four minutes, eh?"

"Well, yes, sir; with training, I think they'd make that easy; perhaps cut off a few seconds. They're Hambletonian stock, sir, from up the river," said the driver.

"Good stock! Are they gentle?"

"As lambs, sir."

"I suppose the young lady could drive 'em without danger?"

"What, Miss Essie?" cried the coachman.

"Why, she has drove 'em in the Park the other day in a light wagon with young Mr. Tremaine, and they went beautifully."

"By the way, what's Miss Essie's last name? I never can remember it!" and the "Marquis" had a good reason, for few men have the art of remembering what they never knew.

"Troy, sir." The driver was sure he was talking with an acquaintance of his master.

"Ah, that's it!" cried Catterton, in a tone that indicated wonder at forgetting it.

"Isn't Miss Troy some relative of Mr. Tremaine?"

"Yes, sir; niece. She's just come from a boarding-school at Troy, sir; been there ever since she was a child. I've heard, sir," the coachman had the natural desire to tell all he knew about the family he lived in, "that she is an orphan without any folks but Mr. Tremaine, and that he's always taken care of her. And I must say, he seems as fond of her as if she was his own child."

"Tremaine's a good man," said the "Marquis."

"That he is, sir!" emphatically replied the coachman.

"This is a terrible retribution," he muttered, as the memory of the past came back to him.

"This is a justice for me, indeed. I am rightly punished for the old sin."

The rich man closed his eyes with a deep sigh, as if to shut out the memory of the past. Vain hope! For closing the eyes, simply, does not bring forgetfulness.

Back to the mind of Loyal Tremaine came vividly the memory of bygone days. He saw again the face of Christine, the woman he had loved so well that to obtain her he had sinned. The woman who had loved him so well that she had dared all the scorn and contempt of the world for that love—that guilty love that had brought the lightning-stroke of an outraged Heaven down upon her sinful head; that guilty love, that now, after the lapse of sixteen years, had brought a terrible visitation upon the man that had urged the woman to sin, as a punishment for his crime.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine!" No one in this world escapes from the consequences of evil deeds. Years may pass, but in the end retribution will come; not openly, perhaps, in the face of all the world, but silently and secretly. The poison ranking in the veins inflicts as much pain as the blow of the bludgeon, though one be secret and the other visible to all. Let not mortal think that the dread, unwritten laws of Heaven and of Nature can be broken without punishment falling upon the guilty head of the evil-doer. The punishment may not be apparent except to himself, except to his own nature. He suffers doubly, who suffers silently and alone.

For the first time in his life, Loyal Tremaine understood the feelings which must have seized upon the heart of the young sailor, Walter Averill, when he came back from battling with the tempest and the roaring wild sea waves, and found that his house was desolate; that his household gods—his wife's faith and purity—had fled on the sable wings of night, and left behind naught but despair and desolation.

The steel shaft of remorse was in the soul of Tremaine for his early crime. His own anguish made him understand the anguish that he had caused another to suffer.

For sixteen years Loyal Tremaine had lived in the fear that Walter Averill, the sailor husband, the man that he had so greatly wronged, would some day appear suddenly before him, denounce him as his wronger and demand justice.

The demand had been made, not by the voice of the wronged husband, but from the lips of Tremaine's own son came the demand.

What were the pangs that all the justice of earth could cause, to the hell now raging in the breast of the father when he thought of the life-bligh that perforce he must bring upon his only son, and upon the girl, too, whom he loved with all a father's affection?

"Essie alone can avert the evil," he murmured; "will she do it? or is this passion—this love—the fatal strength of which he knew full well—so strongly fixed in her heart that she can not give it up? This fatal love which must drag her and Oswald to the depths of utter despair."

A few minutes would answer the question and solve the riddle.

Timidly Essie entered the room, still blushing, red as a red, red rose, as she thought of the discovery in the parlor.

"Sit down, Essie," said Tremaine, kindly. Essie took fresh courage at the kindness of his manner. Why should he, who had always treated her as a beloved daughter, be angry if she loved his son—his son, who resembled his father so much?

"Essie," and Tremaine spoke gently, "my son tells me that he loves you; he has also told you so, has he not?"

"Yes, sir," murmured the girl.

"He has asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, sir," Essie began to hope that the course of her true love was destined to run smooth.

"You have accepted his love and consented to be his wife?"

"I have, sir," and Essie timidly raised her eyes, as if seeking in the face of her guardian to read his decision upon her action.

"Essie, do you love my son?"

Tremaine waited eagerly for the reply. It came full and strong. No sign of weakness or hesitation in the tone. The heart of Essie Troy was in her voice.

"Yes, sir, I do!"

"Oh!"

The single exclamation told Essie that the smooth water was past, and that the bark of love was on dangerous seas, hiding many an angry, death-dealing rock; the breakers were in sight, and the white foam-caps struck terror to the heart of the girl.

"Essie, examine well your own heart!" cried Tremaine, in great agitation; "are you sure you love my son? Remember that the whole happiness of your life may depend upon your knowing the truth. You are but a child in

years—have mingled very little with the world. There may be a hundred in the future that you are fated to see, that you will like better than you do Oswald. Whose natures may be a thousand times more suited to your own, than his can ever be. All your future life may depend now upon your decision in this one little matter. You may fancy that you love Oswald. He is the first young man that you have been intimate with. You think you love him, but be careful and do not mistake friendship for love, or you will bitterly repent it hereafter. Take time, Essie, do not answer hastily."

Tremaine was but wasting breath.

"A man convinced against his will is of his own opinion still," says a trite old adage, and unlike many other old sayings, it is extremely true.

Attempt all impossible things, but do not attempt to convince a young girl that she does not love the man she has chosen for the master of her heart. Argument only strengthens her in her belief. Use force, she flies to his arms, and, like the engineer, you are "hoist by your own petard."

Essie was as fully convinced that she loved Oswald as she was that she was living and breathing.

"Oh, uncle!" she answered, "I am sure I love Oswald, and that I shall never love any one else."

A similar remark has been made in like cases by a hundred girls, who afterward didn't marry the loved one, and did marry some one else. But, as a noted character of fiction has remarked, "Women are so devilish unreliable!"

Essie saw plainly that there was some obstacle in her path to happiness, but what that obstacle was she could not guess.

"Essie, this is a terrible blow to me!" exclaimed Tremaine, and the expression of pain upon his features showed that he spoke the truth.

"Why, uncle, do you object to my loving Oswald?" asked Essie, tremblingly.

"Yes, yes," he answered.

"I know I am poor," murmured Essie, and tears filled the soft blue eyes despite her efforts to keep them back; for Essie was a brave little girl, and did not often give way to tears.

"Poor?" cried Tremaine, "'tis the cry of the world! Poverty is not a crime, though the dull-headed doits that have sold themselves, body and soul for glittering dross would make it so. Essie, at this moment I would give up all I have in the world, and change places with the poorest workman in New York, if with his poverty I could also buy his honest conscience."

"Why, then, uncle, do you object to my being Oswald's wife?" Essie asked, in astonishment at the unusual vehemence of her uncle's manner.

"Essie, I do not wish to tell you why I object; but I do object. And I ask you to give my son back his promise to be your husband, and to forever crush this love from your heart."

Essie for a moment was silent, busy in thought.

"Why don't you answer, Essie?" exclaimed Tremaine, impatiently; "will you do as I wish?"

"It is so hard to answer you, uncle," Essie replied. "You have always been so good to me, so kind. I have never known any friend in this world but you. You have been father, mother, all to me. You have given me my existence, for your bounty has provided the means by which I live. You have a right to that life. I can not deny it, uncle, and you exert that right; for if I give up Oswald, I give up all that makes my life happy." The tone of the girl was mournful indeed.

"You will give him up then?" cried Tremaine, hastily.

"If you command me to do so, uncle, I will."

"But I do not command!" exclaimed Tremaine, in despair. "I can not command. I merely ask it!"

Essie opened her blue eyes wide in astonishment.

"You do not command it?" she said, in amazement.

"No, no; I have promised that I will not force your will in this matter," replied Tremaine, fearing that, after all, his efforts were useless.

"Then you only ask me?" and the blue eyes brightened; "if I can not do it, you will not be angry with me?"

"No, no, child!" responded Tremaine, sadly, "I can not be angry with you. Whatever course you take, I believe it is destined by fate. You are but a passive agent in my punishment."

Essie could not understand the meaning of her uncle's strange words.

"Decide—will you yield to my request?" Tremaine's voice was full of entreaty.

"Uncle, I can not," and Essie threw herself on her knees by Tremaine's chair, and gently laid her hands upon his arm, as if in supplication.

"It is fate," murmured Tremaine, looking into the earnest face raised in entreaty. "Poor child, I can not blame you."

"Oh, uncle!" she cried, "I do not wish to give you pain; perhaps Oswald does not love as well as I. If he wishes me to retract my promise, I will do so, even if it should break my heart."

As a drowning man clutches at straws, so Tremaine seized upon this promise.

The bell summoned the servant.

"Tell Oswald that I wish to see him." The servant retired with the message.

"Vain hope!" Tremaine muttered, to himself; "he will never release her, and the fatal secret must be told."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE FATAL SECRET.

In a few minutes after the departure of the servant with the message, Oswald entered the parlor library.

"You sent for me, father?" he asked.

Essie had risen to her feet and stood by the side of Tremaine's chair.

"Yes, Oswald," answered the father, "I did send for you; I have spoken with Essie, and she is willing to return you your promise."

"What?" cried Oswald, in amazement, while the hot blood flushed into his temples; "do I hear rightly? Essie, speak!" he demanded. "Do you wish me to return you your promise? do you wish me to release you?"

"No, Oswald," Essie answered, "I do not wish it."

"What, then, father, do you mean?" cried Oswald, impetuously.

"Essie is willing to give you a chance to think the matter over. You have both acted hastily. Possibly to-morrow you will change your mind."

"Never, father!" cried the young man, in heat.

"Oswald, I have promised your father that if you wish it, I will return you your promise," said Essie, looking with anxious eyes into her



lover's face; but the glow of joy that she saw there, caused by her words, convinced her that her promise would not be returned.

"Father, your efforts are useless; I will never ask Essie to release me, and never will I release her. Essie, you are my promised wife, and come good or bad, I shall hold you to your promise."

Essie did not answer with her tongue, but with her eyes she thanked Oswald for the words that he had uttered.

Tremaine inwardly groaned in agony of spirit, though outwardly, save in the white lips and deathly pallor of his visage, he gave no sign of emotion.

"Oswald and Essie, you will not be warned," he cried; "you will not heed my voice, but blindly rush to despair."

"Father, I can not understand the meaning of your words," answered Oswald; "why you should be so strongly opposed to my wedding Essie, I know not; but until you give me a reason for that opposition, I will never willingly resign her."

"Essie," cried Tremaine, in despair, "for the last time I implore you to yield to my wishes and break off this unhappy engagement."

"Oh, uncle!" and Essie again knelt by Tremaine's chair and gazed up into his face, pleadingly, "do not ask me to break my word or to crush the love that is in my heart! In every thing else, uncle, I will do as you wish—I will gladly obey you, and even now—if Oswald will but ask it—for your sake, I will give him back his word, though the act make me wretched hereafter."

"Essie, I will never ask it!" cried the son, hastily.

"You will know the truth, then!" exclaimed Tremaine, in bitterness of spirit; "you insist upon learning the fatal truth that so vainly I have striven to keep from you."

"Why, father, what do you mean?" asked Oswald, in amazement, while a terrible apprehension of danger filled his heart.

"Uncle, do explain!" pleaded Essie, while the same feeling of coming danger that hung over Oswald's spirit also laid its chilly fingers upon her.

"I have tried to keep you from loving each other, because your marriage is impossible!" said Tremaine, slowly and in agony. Oh! how the sin of the past was being avenged. The poisoned chalice was at his lips, placed there by his own hands; sup it he must.

"Impossible!" cried Oswald.

"Impossible!" repeated Essie.

"Father, what can you mean?" exclaimed the son, who felt as if he was in a terrible dream, the waking from which would be fearful.

"Yes, it is impossible!" repeated the father.

"Why impossible?"

Both Oswald and Essie looked at Tremaine with the same expression upon their faces that prisoners being tried for their lives might have while gazing at the judge who held in his hands their fate.

"Why—" and the anguish of the father was terrible indeed. "Heaven forgive me—I must speak the truth even though it kills! Oswald and Essie, your marriage is impossible, for you are brother and sister! Essie, you are my child!"

The fatal—fatal truth came upon the lovers with crushing force.

Oswald reeled back, and but for the friendly support of a chair would have fallen, while Essie, still kneeling by the chair of her uncle, looked into his face with a stony glare, as though the awful words had stricken her into marble.

Tremaine could not bear the fixed look of the blue eyes that were wont to be so soft and loving in their gaze. Hastily he rose from his chair, and raising Essie from her knees, folded her to his heart.

"Essie!" he exclaimed, in anguish, "my poor child, can you forgive me? I have tried to be a father to you, a father in all but the name, and now, because I am your father, I have blighted all your life. My poor child, can you forgive me?"

Essie answered not. Her head was in a whirl. Strange sounds were in her ears; the terrible truth had stunned her.

"Essie," cried the father, anxiously, finding that she did not answer, "why do you not speak? Call me father, and tell me that you forgive me, or I shall go mad!"

With a weary air, Essie raised her head, passed her hand slowly across her forehead, as though she had just awakened from a frightful dream and was recalling her scattered and bewildered senses.

"Father—Oswald," she murmured, and then with a sigh she fainted, and but for the arms of Tremaine, would have fallen to the floor.

"Ring the bell, Oswald, quick! she has fainted!" cried the father, in haste.

Like one in a maze, Oswald staggered rather than walked to the table, and touched the bell.

"Oh! can I ever be forgiven for this misery?" murmured Tremaine, in anguish, as he looked upon the haggard features of his son and then upon the pale face of the fainting girl that he held in his arms.

The servant entered in answer to the bell.

"Send Mrs. Harris" (the housekeeper of the Tremaine mansion) "here at once. Tell her that Miss Troy has fainted; quick!"

With eager haste, the servant obeyed the order. In a few minutes, that seemed hours to the anxious father, the servant returned with Mrs. Harris.

"We had better take her to her room, Mr. Tremaine," said the housekeeper, her experienced eye quickly perceiving that Essie's faint was a severe one.

"Wait, Oswald, I will return in a moment," said Tremaine, and then with his own hands he bore the fainting girl to her room—which was upon the same floor as the library—and laid her upon the bed.

"Do not leave her, Mrs. Harris," he said; "and if you think there is danger, send for Doctor Dornon at once."

Then Tremaine, leaving the helpless girl in the care of the housekeeper, returned to the library, where he found Oswald sitting motionless by the table in exactly the same position that he had left him in.

The shock of the awful disclosure had stunned the young man. He had grown five years older in looks in the few minutes that had elapsed since the knowledge of the fatal secret had thrown such a cloud upon his brain.

Tremaine carefully closed the door behind him. He did not wish witnesses to the interview that was about to take place.

The father was grieved beyond expression as he beheld the change that had taken place in his son's face; in that face which an hour before had been so full of life, of hope, of joy; that face that had so proudly bid defiance to the world. Now, the cloud of black despair had settled down upon it. The hope, the joy were gone, and in their place sat desolation.

"Oswald, my son," cried Tremaine.

"Father," replied Oswald, slowly, raising his head to meet his father's gaze, as though he had lost all in the world that made life dear.

"Oswald, can you forgive me, that I have so long kept this secret from you, and then blindly laid in your path the snare that has made wretched your life?"

"Do not speak of it, father; it is my unhappy fortune. You warned me, but I was blind and reckless. I am justly punished for not heeding your words. But, father, I have loved Essie from the moment that she first entered this house. It is my fate to be wretched."

The tone of Oswald was one of settled despair.

"Oswald," said Tremaine, sadly, "words, I know, can not comfort you, yet I owe you an explanation in regard to Essie. It is but right that you should know her history; know also of my sin."

"Father, I do not ask this confidence," said Oswald.

"It is yours by right," answered Tremaine. "The consequences of my fault have not only fallen upon my head, but upon yours also; therefore, listen to me."

Tremaine seated himself, and after a moment's pause, as if to collect his thoughts, began:

"Some eighteen years ago I had occasion to visit the town of New Bedford. While there, I became acquainted with a young and pretty girl, the wife of a sailor. He was the captain of a whale-ship, and at that time he was absent on a cruise. He was not expected to return for three years. This lady and I met in society very often. I soon discovered that I loved her, and that she returned my passion. This was my sin, for I had tried to make her love me, knowing that she was legally another's. She did not love her husband, although he was young, handsome and rich. She had been forced, by her folks, who were poor, to marry him. In her heart she hated the chains that bound her to his side, and yet, she was a good, pure woman, despite this past sin, which was only guilty in thought, not in nature. The time came for my departure. I went to her house in the afternoon—I was to depart at five o'clock—but her farewell. She cried bitter tears at the thought that we were forced to separate, for she loved me, Oswald, as well as and purely as ever woman loved a man. I had thought, Oswald, that I had loved your mother, but the first passion did not burn with the intense flame of the second."

"Just as I had shaken hands with her for the last time, a telegraphic dispatch arrived from the owner of the vessel of which her husband was captain. The dispatch announced that the ship had been lost at sea, and all on board had perished."

"She was free, and with a scream, half-joy, half-sorrow, she sunk fainting upon my breast. 'It did not require much persuasion to induce her to accompany me at once to New York, and there we were to be married.'

"We arrived in New York the next morning, and the first thing that I read in the morning paper was the news that her husband, the sailor, escaped the wreck and had been saved. 'The evil was done; her reputation was compromised by her flight with me. All would have believed her guilty if she had been as innocent and as pure as holy angels.'

"One course only remained, and that was to apply at once for a divorce. That course was adopted. I procured lodgings for my destined wife; in those lodgings Essie was born."

Oswald had listened to the story attentively.

Tremaine paused for a moment; the memory of the past was painful, indeed.

"Time passed on; we heard nothing of the sailor husband, and I began to think that he never would trouble us, or at least not until the divorce was granted—and divorces then were not procured as easily as they are now. But one terrible, stormy night, the sailor discovered his wife's retreat, and while he was reproaching her bitterly for what she had done, the lightning, flashing in through the open window, struck her dead at his feet."

Oswald shuddered at the fearful story, while for a moment Tremaine paused in deep agitation at the remembrance of the terrible tragedy.

"And Essie, father?" he asked; "how did you obtain possession of her? I should have thought that he, the husband, would have taken her."

"No, he left the house without disturbing the infant; possibly in his anger he had not noticed it. I gave a newsboy, who had witnessed the terrible scene that ended in the death of Essie's mother, a hundred dollars to procure the child for me."

"And what was the name of this woman and her husband?" asked Oswald.

"The sailor's name was Walter Averill, her name was Christine."

A loud cry, seemingly of one stricken with mortal anguish, broke upon the stillness of the library. Amazed, Tremaine and his son started to their feet. Then came the sound of a heavy fall.

"What can be the matter?" cried Tremaine.

"It came from the closet in this room!" exclaimed Oswald.

Then both the men hurried to the closet door at the further end of the apartment and hastily opened it. And there, in a dead swoon upon the floor of the closet, lay the old man, Whitehead, the secretary.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 227.)

**Two Girls' Lives:**

OR,  
**STRANGELY-CROSSED PATHS.**

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "LOVE-BLIND," "GARTH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL  
THE HUSBAND'S DISCOVERY.

MR. CARLINGFORD stopped, aghast with astonishment and wonder.

"Lenore!"

It was all he said, but his tone was terrible. She felt what he meant, even amid the boiling tumult of her whirling thoughts; and as she heard his voice, and looked, half-doggedly, at him, she compared him, her jailer, to the man who possessed her heart—throbbing so suffocatingly as it was that moment. What should she say—the truth?

He spoke again, but in a stern, distant way, that half-maddened her to think of her keeper's voice.

"How is it I find you here? An hour ago your maid said you were asleep."

"I—I—was asleep. I felt better when I awoke and wanted fresh air, and came out for a short run."

He looked at her incredulously.

"Fresh air was obtainable nearer home, and in a less elaborate dress. Lenore, what does it mean? I never had a suspicion when your

door was locked against me, but now—now, Lenore, there is a mystery whose dread has seized me. What does it mean?"

His grave, searching eyes were on her burning face, peering into her very soul.

"I don't know what you mean. I said I came out for air, and you refuse to credit my statement. I am not responsible if you do not choose to believe me."

His face flushed painfully.

"Would any one credit such a flimsy excuse? It grieves me to say it, but, Lenore, I believe you are not."

"What—true to you?"

She eagerly caught his unfinished sentence and finished it in a far different manner from what he intended; finished it with the very proof of her falsity when she attempted to deny it.

Mr. Carlingford fairly groaned in agony; her suggestion, so strangely given, opened his eyes in a second.

"I would not have said it," he returned, huskily. "You are your own accuser. Where have you been? I demand an answer."

She quailed for a moment under his deep, stern eyes.

"Only to—the Chapel, to Lady Augusta's grave."

He made a gesture of horror.

"Don't mention her name, I command! To the Mosque—alone!"

Should she lie? what need had she deny her falsity, who was acting constantly so foul a falsehood?

And yet, if confession risked her lover's safety! and a something in her husband's eyes she never had seen there before, hinted so.

Fear—not for the hideous lie she should tell to save him—but fear for his not coming again, contested a moment with the overwhelming desire to confess it, and see what her husband in his wrath would do.

Almost as she framed the morbid thought, her lips uttered the words:

"I was not alone."

"Not alone? Who was your companion?"

He raised his eyebrows, not in surprise so much as incredulity as to her forthcoming answer.

Very quietly, in a brave, indifferent way she gave him her reply, never blenching under his gaze.

"I was with Mr. Vivian Ulmerstone."

Mr. Carlingford shuddered as if stricken with mortal agony. His eyes filled with a sharp, sudden pain; he recoiled from the touch of her floating drapery.

"That man! Lenore, to think you dare pollute my house with the vile presence of the man I learned but too night was your lover! To think my wife is so lost to all sense of womanly honor that she deceives her husband—fond fool that he is!—and steals away to meet her lover!"

She listened with an attention that was contemptuous in its respect; then retorted:

"What have I done so terrible? Is it one of the crimes in your calendar for a woman forced into a marriage repulsive to every fiber of her being, to seek comfort and congenial society with one she does love, and did, and always will?"

Her voice was fairly defiant as it rung out the doom in it.

"Repulsive! Lenore, what are you saying? what can you mean when you declare such awful things?"

He was white with the strain of anguish thus cast upon him so mercilessly.

"I mean what I say—that I never cared for you and yours as I worship a hair of his head! Do you understand me now?"

He shrank away in speechless horror; then, when he seemed to have gathered strength after the blow, he addressed her in a low, slow, terrible sort of way that sounded like the knell of Fate.

"Remember, Mrs. Carlingford, you have said to me words that never can be forgotten or forgiven. What you have done I might have passed over; but, after the shameless avowal you have made—remember this: if again that man and yourself hold briefest communication—that man I would spurn from my feet, who has entered my home and despoiled it of what I thought was his chiefest treasure—his voice was immeasurably contemptuous—'I shall deliberately fling you from me, as a thing disgraced, scorned, into the world from whence you came, among the pitiless people who would laugh and deride your downfall!'"

He walked several steps away, as if he had indeed done with her forever; then, his gentle consideration returned to him again, tempered, however, with a repellent coldness.

"You had better return to your room. The night is chilly, and you are hardly strong enough to remain longer in the heavy dew."

He hesitated a second, as if battling with himself, and then offered her his arm.

With a scornful gesture she refused it, and swept past him into the dim hall, and went up the stairs to her room, careless, now, who saw or who knew.

But no one met her. Jessamine opened her door, and fastened it after her; and then, regarding her dainty garments, threw herself, aching in every limb, on her bed.

The maid watched and waited, uneasily, for an hour or more, and then, thinking Mrs. Carlingford had fallen asleep, crept away to her own room.

The house was still as the grave, save for the far-off sound of footsteps that paced to and fro, never pausing in their weary promenade, in the dim library, all the night through; and while Mr. Carlingford kept his somber watch, his wife lay on her bed, shivering with cold, or flushed with a dull fever, but wide-awake as if sleep were a vanished guest, and she a martyr to its absence.

Afar, in one of the wooded paths, Vivian Ulmerstone, all unconscious of the interview between husband and wife, stood against a tree trunk, lazily enjoying a cigar that he had lighted when Lenore had left him.

He had a great deal to think of, much to decide upon, and in the cool solitude of the night he was thinking of the singular, complicated relations that existed, and in which he was so curiously implicated.

So far as Lenore Carlingford was concerned, he knew that, gratifying and entertaining as her clandestine trysts would be, there was no possible good, beyond the passing moment, to result therefrom. As the wife of a wealthy, influential citizen, she was in no danger of being eloped with again—which Vivian never thought of; while, because she was mistress of Ellenwood, there was every reason to apprehend detection, if those after-dark meetings were long continued.

So, he felt sure he would be obliged for these and other reasons—one of which was that, in very truth, he was losing his interest in the flirtation with Lenore—to put a sudden stop to them. He had made an appointment for the next night he would keep that; and then, bid Lenore a final adieu.

Then, to bend all his energies to the task of re-winning Edna. He knew he could not, if it came to a desperate point, claim her; he had

destroyed the very proof he now would have given any money for; but, so long as no one knew that, he intended to go on as if the certificate could be produced at a moment's notice.

And to think this puppy, Audrey, was a guest under a roof where he would not be tolerated!—to know he was, that minute, in all probability, asleep in the same house that sheltered Lenore! and, above all, to know that he and Edna were only waiting until the formality of a divorce should be obtained in order to be married!

He compressed his lips underneath his blonde mustache; this fellow, this Audrey, was continually crossing his path; had already cheated him of one pleasure, and was now—he imagined how coolly sarcastic Audrey would have looked had he known Edna's husband and Lenore's lover were one and the same—only "waiting" to get rid of himself to appropriate Edna and her money to his own successful self.

It wasn't a very sweet thought; and Ulmerstone, standing under a Linden, watching the dim light in Mr. Carlingford's library, wondered how he could best get even with Oberdon Audrey, whom he hated with a jealous intensity of rage.

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE REVELATION OF THE CROSS.

WHEN Edna and Rachelle Hunt had been peremptorily ordered from Lenore's bedside, Edna had gone directly to her room, with scarcely a look wistful to Rachelle, who, ever since her arrival at Ellenwood, had been endeavoring to satisfactorily account for the strangely distant manner with which Edna treated her. It will be remembered that Rachelle had not the remotest idea that Edna entertained a suspicion of "Aunt Ella's" little masquerade at Sunset View; Rachelle, though she was acquainted with the fact that Edna's husband and Lenore's lover were one and the same, had, as a matter of personal interest, reserved her knowledge strictly; and so, while Edna knew Rachelle to be a party to the deception played on her, and while Rachelle knew she was one of the two, she had no idea whatever that any one suspected, save herself and Garnett Fay.

As yet, Edna had said nothing whatever to Rachelle on the subject; whether she would, or not, depended on future circumstances. She had much else to think of, for far more importance than a useless accusation of participation in an act which, even if admitted, could not thereby be undone.

So, Edna had only manifested her just indignation by a hauteur she did not assume, and devoted her time to her duties as usual.

Mrs. Carlingford's sudden and serious fainting attack at the breakfast-table, that morning, had created quite a sensation among the members of the household. Mrs. Saxton had smiled mysteriously, declared it was not serious, and that it was a very usual indisposition for young married ladies, and congratulated Mr. Carlingford in a series of meaning whispers that he seemed neither to understand nor care for.

Lenore had been assisted to her room, and Dr. Garland sent for, who seemed to regard her illness as of little consequence, left her a harmless sleeping potion, pocketed his two dollars and went away. Throughout the day the members of the family had dropped in, one at a time, to inquire; and Edna had left her last, when the effects of the opiate were wearing off. She and Mrs. Saxton and Mr. Carlingford had remained the greater part of the day in Lenore's room, to be dismissed when Lenore awoke.

Edna had retired to her room, determined to search through her one insignificant little keepsake in a vague, forlorn sort of hope that she would alight on some relic, if ever so small, so insignificant, that would aid her in ascertaining who she was.

Not that she thought that she was Mr. Carlingford's daughter, delightful as it would be to make such a discovery; she had little expectation of finding herself much of anybody, and not much more desire. Whoever she might be, she was still in bonds; whoever she was, she only hoped one day to be Oberdon Audrey's wife.

But not yet; she was not ready to allow herself to think of that yet. Her hour of deliverance was not at hand, bravely as Mr. Carlingford had undertaken to conduct the affair, sanguine as both he and Oberdon were of success.

Now for the square, dingy box, with a thin string tied crossways around it to keep on the cover, and guard its contents. She looked tenderly at the miserable little token, for it recalled the only happy time her young life had enjoyed; it brought back the days when she was a care-free girl of nine and ten, the idol of the only mother she ever had known.

She distinctly remembered how the present Mrs. Saxton, when her adopted mother was only a little while dead, had come to her, and asked her if she wanted this same box, that for years had sat on a shelf in the dead woman's closet, and how, in childish thankfulness at the meaneast remembrance of one she so deeply mourned, she gladly took it and kept it for her own.

There had been nothing in it of any consequence; one or two neck-ribbons, a narrow little silver ring, battered and worn, and a little tin box, apparently empty, but soldered tightly on all sides.

No one had ever disputed Edna's possession of these paltry legacies; indeed, no one ever gave them a second thought beyond Edna's own lasting love for them, solely as a keepsake. She had never parted with the little box, nor the faded ribbons, nor the ring, nor the tin box, that seemed to be an old tobacco-box; but now—or rather the night Mr. Carlingford had almost startled her by his suggestion—she had suddenly wondered if the tiny tin box had a secret, so closely was it sealed.

The idea had never occurred to her before; it hardly would have been likely to happen to any one, so forlorn and dented was the dull-looking little casket; but, somehow, as Edna, with her knife and a hammer, was slowly cutting off the lid, she began to really wonder, earnestly, what its contents were—if not emptiness.

It was not emptiness; nor yet was it anything to raise the slightest hope—and Edna smiled—dreadfully, we are bound to admit, and quite disappointedly, when there fell on her lap only a curiously-carved cross of white coral, with the letter "G" enwrought with faint gold traces on both sides. It was nothing to her, of her, after all. Only a little love-token from her dead, dead benefactor, it. True, Edna remembered the interest Mrs. Saxton always manifested in the tiny toy, but it must have been on account of the exquisite workmanship.

Edna was just a little provoked to find herself trying to make an "A"—for Lady Augusta—of the undeniable "G," or a "W" for Mr. Carlingford's Christian name; and then, to punish herself for her presumption, resolved

to wear it around her neck on a tiny gold chain she had—she disliked charms especially.

Within the box was what gratified Edna more than the possession of the cross; and yet it was only a small slip of paper, the ink on it faded with age that barely revealed the words—"On Edna Silvester's neck when I took her, G. S." Only a line, but it told all the story of the poor girl's orphanage.

It was a clue, then, if ever she chose to follow it up. She was not disposed to do so at present, however, and when she had fastened the cross to the chain and attached it around her fair white throat, she put away the green box, and went down to the music-room.

On the stairs she encountered Mr. Carlingford. She had not seen him since his soul-wrenching interview with his wife, and from that encounter he was now on his way to the library again.

Edna stopped, blankly, at the awful woe on his face.

"Oh, Mr. Carlingford, has anything happened? Mrs. Carlingford is not worse?"

He looked at her in a dazed, surprised way. "Worse? she is worse than dead—I beg your pardon, Edna, I could not have understood you."

He looked so unutterably wretched; he seemed so crushed, somehow, and yet so gentle, so courteous, as he always was.

And Edna, with her quick perception, caught at his meaning like a lightning-flash. He knew, then, his wife's baseness.

She crouched on the stair in very depth of pity and sorrow, not daring to say a word more, not capable of going on.

"Edna!"—he started, to make an effort to speak naturally—if you will come to the library with Mr. Audrey the first opportunity—My God! where did you get that?"

He almost clutched the white coral cross in his eager fingers; she startled Edna so she trembled violently.

"That—that cross? It is the only trinket I have. Mrs. Saxton's initial is on it."

Then, for the first time, it flashed across her mind that the "G" could not mean Gertrude, for when the cross was found on the founding, it was already marked.

"Mrs. Saxton's initial!" he repeated, half vaguely. "Did her name commence with G? There are two G's on that cross, or there ought to be, if it is the one I think it is. Open it, for Heaven's sake! Let me open it."

Open it! Edna began to think Mr. Carlingford was growing deaf.

She laid it on his hot palm, silently; was there a romance about her, after all?



"Ah!" stammers Calhoun, "I was excited with chasing it. I'd got angry at the cursed thing, and was determined to put an end to its capers."

"Never mind, then," interposes Zeb; "I'll make an inspecun o' it. Ye-es," he continues, riding nearer and keeping his eyes fixed upon the strange shape; "ye-es, it's the body o' a man, an' no mistake! Dead as a buck, an' stiff as a haunch o' ven'son in hard frost!"

"Hullo!" he exclaims, on raising the skirt of the serape, "it's the body o' the man whose murder's been tried—y'ur own cousin—young Poindexter! It is, by the eternal!"

"I believe you are right. By heaven, it is he!"

"Geeshophat!" proceeds Zeb, after counterfeiting surprise at the discovery, "this air the mysteriousest thing o' all. Wal, I reck'n that's no use our staying h'ere to speck late upon it. Besest thing we kin do's to take the body back, jest as it's sot in the saddle—which it appears putty firm. I know the hoss, too; an' I reck'n he'll cum along 'thout much coaxin'. Gee up, ole gurl! an' make y'rself know'd to him. Thur, now! Don't ye see it's a previous acquaintance o' yourn? though sartin the critter hev hed rough usage o' late; an' ye mout well be excused for not recognizin' him. 'T air some time since he's hed a curry to his skin."

While the hunter is speaking, the horse bestridden by the dead body, and the old mare, place their snouts in contact—then withdraw them with a sniff of recognition.

"I thort so," exclaims Zeb, taking hold of the strayed bride and detaching it from the mequize; "the stallion's boun' to lead quietly enuf—so long as he's in cum'pny with the maar. 'T all events, 'twon't be needessary to cut his throat to keep him from runnin' away. Now, Mister Calhoun," he continues, glancing stealthily at the other, to witness the effect produced by his speeches; "don't ye think we'd better start right away? The trial may still be goin' on; an', ef so, we may be wanted to take a part in it. I reck'n that we've got a witness hyur, as 'll do somethin' torst illoicidin' the case—eyther to the hangin' the mow-stanger, or, what air more likely, clurrin' him altogether o' the charge. Wal, air ye ridy to take the back track?"

"Oh, certainly. As you say, there's no reason for our remaining here."

Zeb moves off first, leading the captive alongside of him. The latter makes no resistance; but rather seems satisfied at being conducted in company. Calhoun rides slowly—a close observer might say reluctantly—in the rear. At a point where the path angles abruptly round a clump of trees, he reins up, and appears to consider whether he should go on or gallop back. His countenance betrays terrible agitation. Zeb Stump, admonished by the interrupted footfall, becomes aware that his companion has stopped. He pulls up his mare, and facing round, regards the loiterer with a look of interrogation. He observes the agitated air, and perfectly comprehends its cause. Without saying a word, he lowers his long rifle from its rest upon his left shoulder; lays it across the hollow of his arm, ready at an instant's notice to be carried to his cheek. In this attitude he sits eying the ex-captain of cavalry. There is no remark made. None is needed. Zeb's gesture is sufficient. It plainly says:—"Go back if ye dare!" The latter, without appearing to notice it, takes the hint, and moves silently on. But no longer is he permitted to ride in the rear. Without saying it, the old hunter has grown suspicious, and makes an excuse for keeping behind—with which his *compagnon de voyage* is compelled to put up. The cavalcade advances slowly through the chaparral. It approaches the open prairie. At length the sky line comes in sight. Something seen upon the distant horizon seems to impress Calhoun with a fresh feeling of fear; and, once more reining up, he sits considering. Dread is the alternative that occupies his mind. Shall he plunge back into the thicket, and hide himself from the eyes of men? Or go on and brave the dark storm that is fast gathering around him? He would give all he owns in the world—all that he ever hopes to own—even Louise Poindexter herself—to be relieved of the hated presence of Zeb Stump—to be left for ten minutes alone with the Headless Horseman! It is not to be. The sleuth-hound, that has followed him thus far, seems more than ever inexorable. Though loth to believe it, instinct tells him that the old hunter regards him as the real captive, and any attempt on his part to steal away, will but end in his receiving a bullet in the back!

After all, what can Zeb Stump say, or do? There is no certainty that the backwoodsman knows anything of the circumstance that is troubling him?

And after all, there may be nothing to be known!

It is evident that Zeb is suspicious. But what of that? Only that friendless need fear suspicion; and the ex-officer is not one of these. Unless the little tell-tale be discovered, he has nothing to fear; and what chance of its being discovered? One against ten. In all likelihood it stayed not where it was sent, but was lost in the secret recesses of the chaparral!

Influenced by this hope, Calhoun regains courage; and with an air of indifference, more assumed than real, he rides out into the open prairie—close followed by Zeb Stump on his critter—the dead body of Henry Poindexter bringing up the rear.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A BODY BEHEADED.

FORSAKEN by two-thirds of its spectators—abandoned by one-half of the jury—the trial taking place under the tree is of necessity interrupted. There is no adjournment of the Court—only an interregnum, unavoidable, and therefore tacitly agreed to. The interlude occupies an hour; during which the judge smokes a couple of cigars; takes about twice that number of drinks from the bottle of peach brandy; chats familiarly with the counsel, the fragment of the jury, and such spectators as, not having horses, or caring to give them a gallop, have stayed by the tree. There is no difficulty in finding a subject of conversation. That is furnished by the incident that has just transpired—strange enough to be talked about not only for an hour, but an age. The spectators converse of it, while with excited feelings they await the return of those who have started on the chase. They are in hopes that the Headless Horseman will be captured. They believe that his capture will not only supply a clue to the mystery of his being, but will also throw light on that of the murder. There is one among them who could explain the first—though ignorant of the last. The accused could do this; and will, when called upon to continue his confession. Under the direction of the judge, and by the advice of his counsel, he is for the time preserving silence.

After a while the pursuers return, not all together, but in straggling squads—as they have despairingly abandoned the pursuit. All bring back the same story. None of them has been

near enough to the headless rider to add one iota to what is already known of him. His entity remains mythical as ever! It is soon discovered that two who started in the chase have not reappeared. They are the old hunter and the ex-captain of volunteers. The latter has been last seen heading the field, the former following not far behind him. No one saw either of them afterward. Are they still continuing on? Perhaps they may have been successful! All eyes turn toward the prairie, and scan it with inquiring glances. There is an expectation that the missing man may be seen on their way back—with a hope that the Headless Horseman may be along with them. An hour elapses, and there is no sign of them—either with or without the wished-for captive. Is the trial to be further postponed? The counsel for the prosecution urges its continuance; while he for the accused is equally desirous of its being delayed. The latter moves an adjournment till to-morrow: his plea the absence of an important witness in the person of Zeb Stump, who has not yet been examined. There are voices that clamor for the case to be completed. There are paid *claqueurs* in the crowd composing a Texan court as in the pit of a Parisian theater. The real tragedy has its supporters, as well as the sham! The clamors succeed in carrying their point. It is decided to go on with the trial—as much of it as can be got through without the witness who is absent. He may be back before the time comes for calling him. If not, the court can then talk about adjournment. So rules the judge; and the jury signify their assent. The spectators do the same. The prisoner is once more directed to stand up, and continue the confession so unexpectedly interrupted.

"You were about to tell us what you saw," proceeds the counsel for the accused, addressing himself to his client. "Go on, and complete your statement. What was it you saw?"

"A man lying at full length upon the grass."

"Asleep?"

"Yes; in the sleep of death."

"Dead?"

"More than dead, if that were possible. On bending over him, I saw that he had been beheaded!"

"What! his head cut off?"

"Just so. I did not know it till I knelt down beside him. He was upon his face—with the head in its natural position. Even the hat was still on it!"

"I was in hopes he might be asleep; though I had a presentiment there was something amiss. The arms were extended too stiffly for a sleeping man. So were the legs. Besides, there was something red upon the grass, that in the dim light I had not at first seen."

"As I stooped low to look at it, I perceived a strange odor—the salt smell that proceeds from human blood."

"I no longer doubted that it was a dead body I was bending over, and I set about examining it."

"I saw there was a gash at the back of the neck, filled with red, half-coagulated blood. I saw that the head was severed from the shoulders!"

"A sensation of horror runs through the auditory—accompanied by the exclamatory cries heard on such occasions."

"Did you know the man?"

"Alas! yes."

"Without seeing his face?"

"It did not need that. The dress told who it was—too truly."

"What dress?"

"The striped blanket covering his shoulders and the hat upon his head. They were my own. But for the change we had made, I might have fancied it was myself. It was Henry Poindexter."

"A groan is again heard—rising above the hum of the excited hearers."

"Proceed, sir!" directs the examining counsel. "State what other circumstances came under your observation."

"On touching the body, I found it cold and stiff. I could see that it had been dead for some length of time. The blood was frozen nearly dry, and had turned black. At least, so it appeared in the gray light, for the sun was not yet up."

"I might have mistaken the cause of death, and supposed it to have been by the *beheading*; but, remembering the shot I had heard in the night, it occurred to me that another wound would be found somewhere—in addition to that made by the knife."

"It proved that I was right. On turning the body breast upward, I perceived a hole in the serape: that all around the place was saturated with blood."

"On lifting it up and looking underneath, I saw a livid spot just over the breast-bone. I could tell that a bullet had entered there; and as there was no corresponding wound at the back, I knew it must be still inside the body."

"In your opinion, was the shot sufficient to have caused death, without the mutilation that, you think, must have been done afterward?"

"Most certainly it was. If not instantaneous, in a few minutes—perhaps seconds—"

"The head was cut off, you say. Was it quite severed from the body?"

"Quite; though it was lying close up—as if neither head nor body had moved after the dismemberment."

"Was it a clear cut—as if done by a sharp-edged weapon?"

"It was."

"What sort of a weapon would you say?"

"It looked like the cut of a broad-axe; but it might have been done with a bowie-knife—one heavily weighted at the back of the blade."

"Had been given? Or had the severance been effected by a single cut?"

"There might have been more than one. But there was no appearance of chopping. The first cut was a slash, and must have gone nearly if not quite through. It was made from the back of the neck, and at right-angles to the spine. From that I knew that the poor fellow must have been down on his face when the stroke was delivered."

"Had you any suspicion why or by whom the foul deed had been done?"

"Not then, but the slightest. I was so horrified, I could not reflect. I could scarce think it real."

"When I became calmer, and saw for certain that a murder had been committed, I could only account for it by supposing that there had been Comanches upon the ground, and that, meeting young Poindexter, they had killed him out of sheer wantonness."

"But then there was his scalp untouched—even the hat still upon his head!"

"You changed your mind about it being Indians?"

"I did."

"Who did you think it might be?"

"At the time, I did not think of any one. I had never heard of Henry Poindexter having an enemy, either here or elsewhere. I have since had my suspicions. I have them now."

"State them."

"I object to the line of examination," inter-

posed the prosecuting counsel. "We don't want to be made acquainted with the prisoner's suspicions. Surely it is sufficient if he be allowed to proceed with his *very plausible tale*!"

"Let him proceed, then," directs the judge, igniting a fresh Havana.

"State how you yourself acted," pursues the examiner. "What did you do after making the observations you have described?"

"For some time I scarce knew what to do—I was so perplexed by what I saw beside me. I felt convinced that it had been a murder; and equally so that it had been done by the shot—the same I had heard."

"But who could have fired it? Not Indians. Of that I felt sure."

"I thought of some *prairie-pirate*, who might have intended plunder. But this was equally improbable. My Mexican blanket was worth a hundred dollars. That would have been taken. It was not, nor any thing else that Poindexter had carried about him. Nothing appeared to have been touched. Even the watch was still in his waistcoat pocket, with the chain around his neck glistening through the gore that had spurted over it!"

"I came to the conclusion that the deed must have been done for the satisfaction of some spite or revenge; and I tried to remember whether I had ever heard of any one having a quarrel with young Poindexter, or a grudge against him."

"I never had."

"Besides, why had the head been cut off?"

"It was that filled me with astonishment—with horror."

"Without attempting to explain it, I be-thought me of what was best to be done."

"To stay by the dead body could serve no purpose. To bury it would have been equally idle."

"Then I thought of galloping back to the Fort, and getting assistance to carry it to Casa del Corvo."

"But if I left it in the chaparral, the coyotes might discover it; and both they and the buzzards would be at it before we could get back. Already the vultures were above—taking their early flight. They appeared to have espied it."

"Mutilated as was the young man's form, I could not think of leaving it, to be made still more so. I thought of the tender eyes that must soon behold it—in tears."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 205.)

The Irish Captain:  
A TALE OF FONTENOY.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,  
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RIDER," "THE  
SEA CAT," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## A HASTY WEDDING.

Two large traveling carriages are waiting before the principal gate of the Chateau Gauram, which is all ablaze with lights, echoing to the strains of bands, the buzz of gay conversation and laughter, for a magnificent ball is given in honor of the victory and all the world is there, or at least the court.

The king has been graciously pleased to appoint Monsieur Voltaire ambassador to Berlin, and his excellency is receiving his credentials before departing. There is a buzz concerning the ambassador and his secretary, a fellow nobody knows, except that the king gave him the cross of St. Louis on the field of Fontenoy.

While the chateau is full of guests and music, the little chapel at one end of the north wing is lighted up, and a priest and acolytes are waiting there with an air of expectation.

The king's apartments open into this chapel, and a group of people are gathered in the king's cabinet.

His majesty himself is there, with a puzzled, weary expression of face. Madame de Pompadour is near him. Voltaire and Richelieu stand before the king, and, a little retired, are Carroll, Cavanaugh, and red-faced Sergeant Poirier, the latter with an amputated arm, bound up in white, looking ready to drop.

Richelieu says to Carroll: "Take the man away. It's lucky Etioles was killed, or this plot would have cost him his life now. Friend, you have saved yours by telling all. Go."

As Poirier is taken out Madame de Pompadour addresses the king.

"I knew your majesty's magnanimous soul would revolt at the foul plot against Count Desmond, whom you have appointed to the post of Secretary of Legation at Berlin. It recompenses me for the danger I incurred in requesting your majesty's pardon for him who had unwittingly offended you."

The king grunted, and darted a suspicious glance at madame, as he peevishly said: "It seems to me you make a great fuss about this Irishman, madame. One would think you are in love with him. Richelieu and you are in a plot together, I believe."

"We are," says madame, boldly, "and I will tell your majesty the cause. The count is a person we both esteem, and my sister, Madame de Le Normand is greatly attached to him. The count is too poor to wed her, and we wish to see them united. That is our reason for urging his appointment."

The king brightens up, and says, briskly: "Mademoiselle is rich enough for both. Decidedly it is a good match. Let them be sent for. I wish it."

Looking keenly at madame he continued, in a whisper: "Did you notice whether repeated strokes had been given? Or had the severance been effected by a single cut?"

"There might have been more than one. But there was no appearance of chopping. The first cut was a slash, and must have gone nearly if not quite through. It was made from the back of the neck, and at right-angles to the spine. From that I knew that the poor fellow must have been down on his face when the stroke was delivered."

"Had you any suspicion why or by whom the foul deed had been done?"

"Not then, but the slightest. I was so horrified, I could not reflect. I could scarce think it real."

"When I became calmer, and saw for certain that a murder had been committed, I could only account for it by supposing that there had been Comanches upon the ground, and that, meeting young Poindexter, they had killed him out of sheer wantonness."

"But then there was his scalp untouched—even the hat still upon his head!"

"You changed your mind about it being Indians?"

"I did."

"Who did you think it might be?"

"At the time, I did not think of any one. I had never heard of Henry Poindexter having an enemy, either here or elsewhere. I have since had my suspicions. I have them now."

"State them."

"I object to the line of examination," inter-

Gerald is silent awhile, then he speaks with a certain gravity of demeanor that shows he has made up his mind to a solemn duty, and is about to perform it.

"Mademoiselle Therese Le Normand," he says, "I am about to do a thing that will lower me in your esteem, and yet I owe it in honor to you to tell the truth. Mademoiselle, a few months ago I saw and loved one whom—I will not mention again while I have breath. I thought her a pure and perfect being, and I found when too late that I had loved a vile thing. Mademoiselle, I met you only the second time I saw her, and you saved my life by a timely warning. A second time I met you, and again you came to warn me. In my mad passion for a bad woman I slighted the warnings, and met—ruin. Mademoiselle, my punishment is, that, loving you as I do more than my life, recognizing in you the real angel which I fancied in her, I see that I have thrown away the whole happiness of my life, and in slighting you have made you hate me. I know that I deserve it, and I bow to your decision, mademoiselle; when I am far away from you I will pray that you may be happy; I am self-doomed to solitary despair."

He was retiring slowly when she rose up eagerly.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a low tone. "I hate you! Are you mad or mocking me? Is it that you hesitate to ally a name like yours to the dishonored house of Le Normand that you speak like this to hide your real motive? Oh, monsieur, you might have spared me that blow. I never injured you."

She sunk back weeping on a couch, and somehow in a moment Gerald was beside her. He looked at her shaking form a moment with an appearance of doubt half-frantic, then threw himself at her feet, and cried out:

"Let them call me a fortune-hunter. Let them sneer at me as they like, I will do it. Therese, Therese, I not only love you, I offer you my hand and heart. Reject them if you will. I shall deserve it for daring to aspire to an heiress like you. But you shall not doubt I love and honor you more, in your purity and truth, than if you owned for your house the Bourbon itself."

Therese looked at him between her fingers.

"Do you mean you love me, and offer to wed a girl whose name is tainted with—"

It's not exactly fair to say what Gerald did here. Enough that he met her eyes full and read their secret.

Voltaire opened the door and bustled toward two people, who were sitting at opposite sides of a very large boudoir, as if they were strangers. He looked perplexed as he said:

"I am very sorry, count, and you, mademoiselle, but his majesty is in a very strange humor to-night, and he insists on nothing less than that you two shall be immediately married together, and leave for Berlin to-night."

The old gentleman is somewhat amazed to hear the count answer, coolly:

"Very well, Monsieur Voltaire, I am extremely happy and thankful to his majesty. I am ready."

Voltaire looks from one to the other with a quizzical grin.

"Oho! Oho! So it is understood. Well, I can tell you one thing, monsieur, that his majesty does not order this to oblige you, so much as to get rid of both of you."

"I know it. But the result is the same. For me, I never wish to see France again. I take to Berlin all the land has to offer to me when I take Therese."

"And I will follow you to the world's end," says Therese.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## A LETTER AND ANSWER.

"BERLIN, PRUSSIA, JULY —, 1745.

"A Madame,  
Madame la Marquise de Pompadour."

"MADAM AND VERY DEAR FRIEND:—According to your desire, I write to you at the earliest possible date, with news of my mission. It has been entirely successful, and his majesty of Prussia has been more than gracious, positively caressing toward me. He is, there is no doubt, a man of the greatest powers of mind, and a magnificent warrior, but as a guest in a drawing-room he has several faults. Particularly, he writes execrable French verses, and plays on a flute in the most lugubrious style, racking to the nerves of even a philosopher. The Prussians are, beyond all things, and instead of all things, good soldiers. Cabbage and beer seem to be their only food, and one must take a large-sized auger and bore a hole in these heads, if he would get them to understand a stroke of wit. The king, in passing, is more French than Prussian. He even hates his own tongue, and speaks nothing but French. Yesterday we signed the treaty, which I send you herewith, by embassy courier, with dispatches."

"And now for my little Secretary of Legation and his young wife. I must say that Count Desmond is a man of the most varied talents, and I congratulate you on having induced the king to appoint him. Behind great fuses, he is just as well. His majesty of France is jealous and the sight of one who was a rival, even defeated, is not agreeable, near one. It was lucky for us all that Etioles was killed by those obliging English. As for madame la comtesse, it is enough to say that Therese Desmond is more lovely than ever was Therese Le Normand. She seems very happy, and the count is ridiculously in love with her. Only one point do I quarrel with him and her about. *Neither will ever mention your name.* If I speak of it, both maintain an obstinate silence, and I can not induce them to talk of you, either in praise or abuse. I can not think that this is even common gratitude to one whose favor has done so much for them as you have. Still, as a philosopher, I laugh at them both. I suppose it is some notion they have of honor. Deign, madam, to accept the assurance of my unbounded devotion."

"Your very humble servant,  
F. AROUET DE VOLTAIRE."

"VERSAILLES GRAND TRIANON,  
AUGUST —, 1745.

"A Monsieur,  
Monsieur de Voltaire,  
Ambassadeur Extraordinaire from France to Prussia, at Berlin."

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Your letter does not surprise, and yet it pains me. Send me no more disagreeable news. I never wish to see the count or Therese again, and yet I love to hear of their happiness. Remember how I cursed that man's life for saving mine, remember that he loved me when Therese loved him, and judge if it is not a foolish thing for you to drag my name before them. If they do owe worldly prosperity to me, is it not a torture to them to be reminded that they owe it to me? I speak plain, my friend. I have sinned with my eyes open. You shut yours, and pretend to be a free-thinker, when you are, after all, but a bigot to your own delusion, as superstitions as any priest. I have chosen my lot. Worldly splendor now, and a name of disgrace to posterity when I am gone. Meanwhile, I shall try to please myself by making Gerald and Therese happy. If they do not thank me, I know I do not deserve it. I am but paying a debt I owe them, which I began to pay when I forced them to marry each other in spite of my modesty and her scruples. Let them live in Berlin and be happy."

"This will be brought to you by a special messenger of the court, recommended to me by the Duke of Richelieu. He is an Irish gentleman, of that regiment recently disbanded. I wish you

to speak for him to his majesty of Prussia, as a fine officer, who is anxious to enter his service. His name is Carroll."

"Send me all the good news of my proteges. Let me know their wants, but never speak of me to them."

"Receive, monsieur and dear friend, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.  
JEANNE ANTOINETTE DE POMPADOUR,  
Ne Poisson."

## THE END.

The Lilliputs of Lapland.—The Lapps are a dwarfish race. On an average, the men do not exceed five feet in height, many not reaching four, and the women are considerably less. Most of them are, however, very robust, the circumference of their chest nearly equaling their height. Their complexion is more or less tawny and copper-colored, their hair dark, straight and lank, its dangling masses adding much to the wildness of their aspect. They have very little beard, and the young men carefully eradicate the scanty supply given them by Nature. Their dark, piercing eyes are generally deep sunk in their heads, widely separated from each other, and like those of the Tartars, or Chiese, obliquely slit toward the temples. The cheek-bones are high, the mouth pitched close, but wide, the nose flat. The eyes are generally sore, either in consequence of the biting smoke of their huts, or of the refraction from the snow; so that a Lapp man attains a high age unless becoming blind. Their countenances generally present a repulsive combination of stolidity, low cunning and obstinacy. Hogruur, who dwelt several months among them, and saw during this time at least 800 Lapps, found not twenty who were not decidedly ugly; and Dr. Clarke says that many of them, when more advanced in years, might, if exhibited in a menagerie of wild beasts, be considered as the long-lost link between man and ape. Their legs are extremely thick and clumsy, but their hands are as small and finely shaped as those of any aristocrat. The reason for this is that from generation they never perform any manual labor, and the very trifling work which they do is necessarily of the lightest kind. Their limbs are singularly flexible, easily falling into any posture, like all the Oriental nations, and their hands are constantly occupied in the beginning of conversation with filling a short tobacco pipe, the head being turned over one shoulder to the person addressed.

Such are the traits by which the whole tribe is distinguished from the other inhabitants of Europe, and in which they differ from the other natives of the land in which they live. The summer garb of the men consists of the "poesk," a sort of tunic, generally made of a coarse, light-colored woolen cloth, reaching to the knees, and fastened round the waist with a belt or girdle.

Their woolen caps are shaped precisely like a nightcap, or a Turkish fez, with a red tassel and red worsted band round the rim, for they are fond of lively hues strongly contrasted. Their boots or shoes are made of the raw skin of the reindeer, with the hair outward, and have a peaked shape. Though these shoes are very thin, and the Lapp wears no stockings, yet he is never annoyed by the cold or by striking against stones, for he stuffs them with the broad leaves of the cyprus grass, which he cuts in summer and dries.

This he first combs and rubs in his hands, and then places it in such a manner that it covers not only his foot, but his legs also, and being thus guarded, he is quite secured against the intense cold. With this grass, which is an admirable non-conductor of heat, he likewise stuffs his gloves, in order to preserve his hands. But as it wards off the cold in winter, so in summer it keeps the feet cool, and is consequently used at all seasons. The women's apparel differs very little from that of the other sex, but their girdles are more ornamented with rings and chains. In winter both sexes are so packed up in skins as to look more like bears than human beings; and when squatting according to the fashion of their country, exhibit a mound of furs, with the head resting upon the top of it.

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## THE DENTIST.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

He is a most peculiar man,  
Of this you can not doubt.  
He gains the best of his teeth  
By pulling others' out.

And I, if I may be allowed,  
Might strain a point and say  
That like the ancient ivy vine  
He lives upon decay.

With aching tooth to him you go  
With sighs that long to swear,  
Your heart is wonderfully weak—  
Your tooth has too much nerve.

You tell him that you want it out;  
He tells you he will do it;  
And then as sure as you're alive  
He pulls the next one to it!

The impression that he makes is oft  
Quite favorable and strong,  
And though he may be rather slow  
He's pulling right along.

If you should talk while he's at work—  
A thing I've often tried—  
He'll tell you quick to hold your tongue—  
A little to one side.

He plays his trade with utmost pains;  
We know that's true, I guess;  
And while he fills your teeth with gold  
He also fills his purse.

He pries your mouth so very wide  
You tremble at the thought  
That he might accidentally  
Go tumbling down your throat.

Camp and Canoe;  
OR,  
LIFE IN THE CANADA WILDS.

BY C. D. CLARK.

## VII.—CHARMING A RATTLESNAKE.

"It was thirty years ago, I think, and I was out with a party in the wilds of Pennsylvania. It was wild in those days, for the mountains of the Keystone State were rough and rugged enough to make little inducement for a man to settle there for good. But, to make up for the lack of humans, there was what Jim Bent calls an 'overplush' of b'ars, catamounts and such cattle—just the kind of inhabitants to suit an old hunter. And snakes! Lord love your hearts alive, boys; the woods and mountains were just boiling over with them, and it was a common thing for the party to kill two or three big rattlesnakes in a day. But, there is one thing about a rattlesnake that is in his favor. He gives you warning before he strikes.

"We camped on the mountain side that night, after a long day's hunt, and the boys and I, so, after supper, when we had built up a fire—for the nights were chilly in that season of the year—the rest laid down in their blankets and left me to keep camp. You see I was more used to the rough life than the rest, and wasn't near so tired. It wasn't such a place as this, boys, but a rough country, with nothing about but croppings of ledges, stunted pines, scrub-oak and such like—the kind you always see in a rough country like that. I lighted my pipe, for I've learned to make a companion of it in my lonely hours. I ain't got much patience with the kind of critters that get up a row about tobacco, and tell how it shortens a man's life. Maybe it's so; but I don't think it, and no man can pound it into me. I raked up the fire, put on some more fat pine, which soon made a roaring blaze, and began to enjoy myself. I like to sit in camp in the night, when the fire is hot, and watch the boys asleep, for I've been a kind of protector to them ever since I was a kid.

"The man nearest to me was a youngster from the towns, studying for a minister, that had wore himself out with hard work, and wanted a few weeks of this rough mountain life to set him up again. His name was James Martin, and he was just the sort of youngster I cotton to wherever I meet them. Maybe my religion isn't orthodox, but it is the religion that teaches me this: all men are brothers, the strong should help the weak, and the rich have mercy on the poor! If any man can show me a better religion than that, I want an introduction to him. And James Martin was one of those simple-hearted men that only have one word in their creed—love. He made our camp the better for his being in it, and we didn't hear a rough or profane word from any of the fellows, because they could not stand the reproachful look in his eyes when he heard such words. And some of the boys swore by note, too, but they kept the snaffle on when James was by.

"I was looking at him as he lay asleep, and thinking what a calm and peaceful face he had, and how I would try to set him up and make him strong, when I saw something coiled up on the blanket across his breast that made me start and shiver, as if ice had been poured into my veins. It was a rattlesnake, looking at him with erected head, and eyes that glittered like the shiny ring on Lyme's finger; a diamond, I reckon. I saw something more: James Martin was awake, and his eyes were fixed upon the snake in a helpless, bewildered way, as if he had not the power to move hand or foot. It was well for him that he did not have that power, for the first move he made those fangs would be buried in his flesh, and I didn't know so much about snake-bites as I do now, and feared them more, because I didn't know the antidote. I whispered so that he could hear me:

"For Heaven's sake don't move; keep still, if you can!"

"He was a Christian, and death was not so terrible to him as some men. Dan knows how it feels to be in the power of a serpent—don't you, old man?"

"Ugh; don't talk of it," pleaded Dan. "I can't bear to think of it."

"Your black snake was dangerous, but not poisonous, and I was wild with fear as I looked at the snake. He raised his head a little higher when I whispered, and I expected to hear the sound of the rattle, which comes before the blow. But, I kept still, and young Martin had power enough over his nerves not to move a muscle. I didn't know what to do, any more than the dead. My rifle was within reach, leaning against a tree, and I was a good shot, but you all know that a man is not safe to hit so small a thing as the head of a snake, by the flickering light of a camp-fire, especially if the snake lays on the breast of a man you love right well. Once or twice I reached for the rifle, but I couldn't bring myself to use it except as a last desperate resort. It was awful to sit there and wait, helpless and in agony, waiting for something—I knew not what. I had almost made up my mind to take the chances on the rifle, but I knew that Martin was doomed if I missed, for the snake would lay the racket to him, and bite. My hand was on the rifle, and I was drawing it toward me slowly, when I thought of something which stopped my hand, and I picked up my fiddle, which lay upon the ground at the foot of the tree. I had heard somewhere that the snake loves music, and will follow whenever he hears it. Never heard me fiddle, any of you? Well,

boys, if there is any thing I can do—and do well—it is to scrape the fiddle-strings. I've got one in my kit, and pretty soon I'll let you hear it, for the old man is a little proud of the way he slings his bow.

"I didn't half believe that the charm would work, but I made up my mind to try it once, and see what there was in the story. It might be true, and if it was, I might save a life; so I crept away a little, sat down on the ground with a good-sized club handy, set the old Cremona to my shoulder—and began to play!

"It's no use to talk, but the moment my bow-touched the strings, I forgot everything except the music. It wasn't a loud, snappy, screeching tune, such as some players wring out of a violin; but a sweet, tender piece, one of the best I played. My fiddle was in good trim, and if I ever played in my life, I played that night.

"Not one of the boys waked, and it was lucky for poor Martin that they did not, for they would have been sure to make a stir, and scare the snake. I had not played three bars, when the rattlesnake raised his head, and seemed to look everywhere to see where the music came from. I could see the diamond eyes glitter in the light of the fire as the sweet music went on, and my heart beat wildly, for I began to think that perhaps, after all, there was some truth in the story I had heard from the Indians.

"Would he come away from Martin, and follow the music?"

"At first it seemed as if he would, for he partly uncoiled himself, and raised his head higher to look; but, after that, he coiled himself up again, and laid his head down close to Martin's face. Now that the glittering eyes were not looking into his, the charm had lost its power, and the youngster was fully awake to his danger, and the sweat was running off him like water. It took *pluck* to lay still, but he did it, and I kept on playing.

"Again the snake raised his head, and seemed to listen, and then, to my great delight, he uncoiled himself and slid slowly off the blanket, and came toward me. I was wild now, and played 'for keeps.' Every note was perfect, for I thought that if he liked music, he ought to have it good. He only went a little way, and then stopped close to Jim Bent, and I didn't dare to move yet, but played on as if my life depended on it. Now the snake moved again, and I saw the glittering eyes looking into mine, not six feet away. Then I dropped the fiddle, and the way I played on that slinky villain with the club was a sin to snakes, and a lesson to this one in particular. And if you will believe it, when the boys jumped up, half a dozen snakes, which had been enticed out of the rocks by the music, put for their holes when they heard the noise. The music had saved James Martin's life, and he loves a fiddle to this day. He's got the rattle of the snake—fourteen rings in it besides the button—and he says he'll keep it while he lives. And that's my snake-story, lads. Now for a little music, and then—blankets."

And, searching for his violin, the guide played as I have seldom heard another man, and we sat entranced while the sweet music echoed across the silent lake. And, after we were in our blankets, he sat there still, his pipe in his mouth, and played low, tender tunes, which lulled us, one by one, into sweet repose—under the bending trees.

## A Very Natural Mistake.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Till, do it, by Jupiter Ammon! I tell you, Rich, I'm more than mortal if I can stand this boarding-house business a week longer. You needn't laugh, you dog; or, rather, you wouldn't laugh, if you had to make one towel last you a week, and a mighty slavy one, at that! And when it came to a hair-pin in the batter-cakes yesterday morning—ah!"

And Rich *did* laugh to see the grimace of disgust on Dr. Aden's face, as he recalled the delectable memory.

"I've often told you you were foolish to board, doctor. Why don't you sleep at the office and take your meals at my hotel? Or else have—"

"I've made up my mind what I shall do, old fellow; and next week there won't be a soul in this blessed city get a glimpse of my face in a hurry."

Dr. Aden brushed his handsome, curling hair up from his forehead, and arranged his necktie very carefully before the looking-glass while he delivered himself of his half-spiteful speech. And Rich watched him, as he lazily smoked his cigar, thinking what a lucky fellow this handsome young doctor was, whose face and manner and refinement had already secured him so many lady patients, and who was well enough off to never worry whether his bills were promptly settled or not.

A stylish, genial, peppy young fellow was Harry Aden, very fond of, and quite accustomed to, having his own way, even as to what young lady should honor him by riding in his elegant little phaeton.

And Rich, knowing his headstrongness, wondered now what freak the hair-pin in the batter-cakes had driven Aden into contemplating.

"But your patients, Doc?" he suggested.

"What of them while you are away?"

"Patients be hanged! There ain't one of them half as sick as I am when I think of that—well, unless I except old Rawlinson's inflammatory rheumatism, and I guess Vance'll see to him a month."

"But if Miss Julie-Drexel is so unfortunate as to need Vance's services?"

Rich watched the effect of the name on Harry Aden's face, and he saw a smile flit across it.

"Miss Drexel and her father leave the city to-morrow for an extended tour—so you see there's no trouble on that score."

"You must come see me, Rich, old fellow, while I'm gone, will you?" Aden said, after a moment's pause. "I'm going up to a charming little box I know of among the Adirondacks, a regular bachelors' retreat, you know. And I shall order enough from Delmonico's to keep me a month without starving or finding an—I declare, Rich, if you know how my stomach turns whenever I think of it."

And so it came about that young Dr. Aden packed his trunk and labeled it for the "Raven's Nest," that very day, and then went out and invited several particular friends to come see him in his mountain retreat.

"Nearly ready, Julie?"

"Nearly ready, papa."

It was a sweet, frank voice that answered Mr. Drexel from within the sitting-room of their suite at the hotel; a clear, girlish voice, that somehow prepared one for the presence of the sprightly, joyous girl who came out of the room a moment later.

She was wonderfully pretty, this Julie Drexel, who had captivated many a lover with her bonny ways and the flashes from her bright blue eyes; but who, heart-whole and free, had merrily laughed at and tenderly commiserated each sighing lover, until—

Well, she wasn't hopelessly in love with Dr. Harry Aden, for all she thought about him more than was strictly wholesome, professionally speaking.

However, since she and the young physician had become such good friends, certain it was that Julie cared for his society more, and other gentlemen's less, than before, and papa Drexel, when Dr. Aden dropped in so very casually, the night before he migrated to "Raven's Nest," and begged him and Miss Julie to favor him with at least a call, papa Drexel nodded his wise head sagaciously, and calmly consented, if it were convenient, when he and Julie were touring among the Adirondacks, to call on him.

And now, this cool, breezy morning, it had been found very convenient, inasmuch as Mr. Drexel found himself only a mile or two from "Raven's Nest," so he had told Julie to be ready at nine for a ride over.

She had been noways slow to obey the command; and now, when she came down the hotel steps, holding the skirt of her navy blue riding-habit with one hand, her face was all alight with anticipated delight.

The two rode along the rather precipitous path, and Julie's bright eyes were ever on the alert for the quaint little box of a house Dr. Aden had told her about—bright, eager eyes that were rewarded at length by a charming Gothic house, tiny and graceful, that seemed perched on the spur of mountains—a lonely-looking place, only so very picturesque.

"This must be it—hallo there, Bub!"

For Mr. Drexel spied a five-year-old riding complacently on the rustic gate; and Julie's bright face lengthened perceptibly as she thought he surely had company.

The boy looked at Mr. Drexel and ceased the swing on the gate.

"Can you tell me who lives here, little fellow?"

"My papa does. He ain't home."

"Oh! then this isn't Raven's Nest?"

Mr. Drexel looked disappointed, and Julie pulled her horse's rein to proceed, but was suddenly induced to desist by the child's answer.

"This is Raven's Nest—that house is."

He pointed back at the pretty dwelling, and Julie, mechanically following the indication of his chubby forefinger, glanced at the open door—and saw a young, pretty, well-dressed woman standing in the door.

Julie turned sickeningly cold—how had Dr. Aden dared invite her, so—so—well, so particularly, when he was a married man? How had he dared keep the fact such a secret from everybody in New York? And then, it occurred to her in a sudden thankful way—perhaps this wasn't his boy, after all.

And so, she leaned over her horse's neck nearer the non-committal little gate-keeper.

"What's your name, little fellow?"

Her breath fairly stopped for the second she waited.

"Harry Aden."

She looked at her father, and her father looked at her. One with eyes full of wistful, painful disappointment; the other's eyes angry, gloomy, threatening.

Mr. Drexel said "Humph!" and then, with his hand tightening on the rein, handed his card to the boy.

"Give that to your papa, will you? Your papa's name is Dr. Aden, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; and I'll give it to him."

And they rode off, leaving the boy spelling out the name "D-r-e-x-e-l"—it was all they heard, or wanted to hear.

For a long way neither of them spoke; then the old gentleman couldn't keep in any longer.

"I declare I wouldn't have believed it of Aden! A married man with a family—and he sporting around and palming himself off for a young fellow! No wonder he was so awfully anxious to get off for a month! I tell you, Julie, Dr. Vance'll be the better off, by a considerable, for this. Married! by Jupiter!"

And the girl listened, and thought of the handsome little fellow riding on the gate whose name was Harry Aden, of the stylish, ladylike, girlish woman in the doorway—and of Dr. Aden's eyes that were continually haunting her.

It didn't break her heart; she didn't even feel like crying, or anything of the sort; but she certainly did feel very lonely, and heart-sore, and disappointed, as they rode back to their hotel.

That same morning Julie's maid packed their trunks to go to Saratoga; and that night there stretched many a mile between Dr. Harry Aden and Julie Drexel.

The seaside, the springs, the mountains, and the country, had returned their summer influx of visitors to the city, and the tide of home life had once more set strongly in.

Dr. Aden had returned from his vacation long before any one else thought of coming home, because, as he told Rich, as he smoked and gossiped in his new boarding-house, he considered it his duty to be thankful for even June off—a doctor had no business being away when the city was the sickiest.

Now, in late September, the Drexels were at home, and Dr. Aden was delighted at the prospect of seeing Julie that very night. Of course, it was soon, after their return, to call, but he was a privileged friend, and besides, Mr. Rufus Drexel's card was among the first left at his box up in the Adirondacks.

He had been so terribly disappointed when he came back that day to Raven's Nest, and found he had missed the only guests he cared to see. He had ridden over to the Drexel's hotel that evening, but found them gone. And to-night his heart was beating high at the thought of seeing Julie once more.

It was about nine when he rung the door-bell and inquired for Miss Drexel, and gave his card to the servant; and in less than five minutes, Mr. Drexel entered the reception-room, Aden's card in his hand, his face purpling with rage.

Harry bowed, half wonderingly, and extended his hand, that Mr. Drexel refused to take.

How dare you come here, sir, and inquire for my daughter! I am the suitable person to attend to you."

Harry fired up on the instant.

"I know of no reason why I should not inquire for your daughter, or why I require the least attention from you."

He was as brave and bold as a lion; and he was just as cool as Mr. Drexel was enraged. "You don't! You don't! Is the man crazy? Why, why—why, I saw it with my own eyes—so did Julie—and you come here, you dare come here and pretend entire ignorance of it all."

Harry's face was a study at that moment. Surprise, bewilderment, frankness, amusement, all depicted in the wide eyes and frowning forehead.

"You speak in riddles. Might I ask what it was you and Miss Julie saw?"

"Might you ask! Oh, hear the rascal! Might I ask how is your wife and son Harry?"

Mr. Drexel felt that to be a clincher. He expected to see Dr. Aden shrivel up like a piece of parchment under the undeniable evidence, and here—the handsome young fellow only frowned the more astoundingly, and then—a light suddenly dawning in his eyes—there spread over his face a smile that was the very essence of merriment.

Mr. Drexel stared, as surprised now as Harry had been a moment before.

"I beg to be informed," he said, stiffly, eying Harry half threateningly.

"It is only a slight mistake—I never thought of it in this connection before—but you have taken my guests—my brother, Dr. Aden—a D. D. of Cincinnati—and his wife and child, my little namesake, as my property. Mr. Drexel, I wouldn't blame Miss Julie for the error, but for you—a man of your age and knowledge of the world to suppose I could either maintain a double life, or am the man with such a taste—I am surprised."

And, somehow, Mr. Drexel didn't feel comfortable under the fire of the doctor's honest eyes.

But—he accepted the correction, and was man enough to say so.

And then—he called Julie down.

And when Harry Aden, M. D., had taken his leave that night, Julie Drexel had promised that she would be a real good sister-in-law to Harry Aden's mamma, Dr. Aden, D. D.'s, wife.

## How the Mate Won a Wife.

## A SEA SKETCH.

BY ROGER STARRBUCK.

THE trading-ship Watchman was speeding on her way to the Monrovia Settlement, Africa.

One afternoon, just as land loomed in sight, the captain's daughter, Berta—a lovely young girl of eighteen, with a fine form and peculiarly expressive blue eyes—stood on the quarter-deck conversing with Walter Merle, the son of the bark's owner, who had taken passage aboard the vessel.

Berta's beauty and gentle manners had made an impression on the young man, who, although possessing some good traits of character, was too much of a fop and too conceited to please this girl. To the bluff old skipper, her father, he had stated that he was *willing* to make Berta his wife, as she was the only person he had ever deemed it worth his while to think of marrying.

"*Willing*, are ye?" said Captain Bend, opening his eyes wide. "Remember, youngster, it takes two to make a bargain! Go ahead, however, and if Berta be *willing* too, why, then, do you see, I'll have no objection to the knot's being spliced!"

Merle "went ahead"—or at least *thought* he did—in "fine style." The girl treated him kindly, but whenever he touched on the subject of love, she contrived, with the peculiar skill of her sex, to turn the conversation.

Robert Bale, the first officer of the Watchman, was a fine, manly young fellow, intelligent and sensible, but so modest that it always made him feel uneasy and sad when he saw Berta talking with Merle. In fact, Robert loved her with his whole soul, and had hoped he might eventually win her until he noticed the apparent friendship springing up between her and the owner's son. She had been rather shy of the young mate from the first, and yet, whenever they had spoken to each other, he had felt conscious that he was not indifferent to her.

Now, as Berta and Merle stood conversing, the first officer passed them, glass in hand, and mounted to the main-top to get a good look at the land.

Merle noticed that the girl would now and then look up toward the sailor in a way which he did not half like. There was a softness in her eyes, a deep blush on her cheek, and a gentle hearing of the bosom more eloquent than words.

"Seems to me that fellow takes a good deal of trouble for nothing—going aloft there, to see the land, which can be seen from deck."

"Mr. Bale is a true sailor," responded Berta.

"Good enough, I dare say, in his own calling; but out of it, good for nothing."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, about ropes, belaying-pins and all that, he does well enough; but—"

"You think he would not do so well in the parlor?"

"I don't think he would," answered Merle, laughing, "nor in any thing else outside of his own business."

"He would be *brave* in all things!" said Berta, who had seen Merle tremble in a storm.

"I differ with you. Brave enough he would perhaps be in gales, wrecks, and all those kinds of things, because he is used to them; but in other perils I'll warrant you would find him lacking. Now, as to myself, I don't think there is any sort of danger I would shrink from, although I might feel a sensation of fear. For instance, if *your* life were in peril, there is nothing I wouldn't dare to save you, and—"

What more he would have said was hindered by Berta's abruptly leaving him, on hearing her father calling to her from the cabin.

Before night the wind blew a heavy gale, driving the vessel shoreward. Captain Bend, vainly endeavoring to tack under his shortened canvas, was at last compelled to anchor in a small bay, close in shore, where the branches of the trees on the bank actually touched his yards. Here, being sheltered from the gale, he resolved to remain until a change of wind should enable him to continue on his course.

The night was clear and cloudless, and in the bay the water rolled in little waves, that tinkled as they struck the beach. Berta, walking forward, leaned over the rail, to inhale the sweet fragrance of flowers wafted from the dense grove extending back of the bank. The forecastle deck was at this time deserted, all hands having been granted a watch below, so that Berta was alone, until, suddenly, she heard the voice of Merle in her ear.

"What a beautiful place!" said he.

"Yes," she answered, a little dryly, for, to tell the truth, she had just been thinking of a very different person from the foppish Merle. "How curiously that rope moves, and how it shines!" ejaculated Merle, pointing toward the flying jibboom, the end of which projected among the trees on shore.

In fact, the rope alluded to was agitated in a singular manner. Partly in shadow and partly in light, it seemed to hang pendantly from the boom to the bow, seeming to turn round and round as it swung—gently oscillated to and fro. The part on which the moonlight fell shone as if coated with glistening slime, perhaps—so at least Merle thought—from its having been recently in the water.

"It is the hawser, is it not?" said he. "I

don't remember to have ever seen that rope there before."

"No, it is too smooth for a hawser, I should think," was the girl's reply.

As she spoke, her curiosity excited, she advanced to the bow, and, getting on the knight-heads, peered over toward the swaying coil.

"How does it look from there?" queried Merle, moving toward her.

He had scarcely spoken, when there was a sort of *hissing shriek*, and one end of the coil, which, in the partial obscurity, had resembled a rope, was uplifted, revealing the horrible head and fangs of a huge serpent—one of the most terrible of its species—a boa-constrictor!

With a loud splash, that part of the creature coiled about the boom dropped into the water; then, its whole shining length was drawn swiftly, the open jaws and forked fangs showing plainly, toward the terrified Berta!

A wild scream and a howl were simultaneously heard—the scream from the girl, who sprang, white and trembling, from the bow—the howl from Merle, who, losing all presence of mind, ran aft like a madman, and without once looking behind him, pitched almost head-long, down into the cabin.

The first officer, Robert Bale, who was on the quarter-deck, seeing Merle run and having heard Berta scream, darted forward like a flash, to at once perceive the girl's peril.

In her terror—her limbs having given way under her—she had dropped, in a crouching position, at the foot of the foremast, the serpent still gliding toward her, its head now but a foot distant, its eyes bloodshot and glaring with hungry ferocity.

Bale, picking up a sharp hatchet, which was kept about the foremast for splitting wood, at once threw himself upon the monster. It uttered a shrill hiss, and suddenly, twisting its neck away from the edge of the hatchet, with which the young man had aimed at it a tremendous blow, it darted a few feet past him—then proceeded to wind its slinky folds about his person!

The folds pressed upon him tighter and tighter; he knew that, in a few seconds, if this pressure continued, the life would be crushed out of him; for such is the strength of the boa, that it can grind, by the pressure of its coils, the bones of a strong buffalo to pieces!

"Run!" he cried to Berta, "run aft and save yourself!"

But the young girl would not go.

"Help! help! Oh, my God! he will be killed!" she screamed, in a voice that rang through every corner of the ship.

As yet the coils of the serpent had not reached up to its arms, and now, watching his chance, Bale saw a part of the boa's lengthy folds gliding over the windlass, as it was drawn along to encircle him.

This was the opportunity for which he had waited, and raising his hatchet on high, he dealt the boa a tremendous blow, almost severing the creature's body half below the head. He felt a slackening of the pressure of the coils about his person, while the monster writhed about, filling the air with the most horrible noises.

In another moment he had freed himself; then, many of the crew having arrived, some of them armed with axes, the boa was literally hacked to pieces.

Conspicuous among those who now arrived, was Mr. Merle, who, bravely advancing, discharged a revolver into the still writhing remains of the dying animal!

Meanwhile Berta had instinctively glided to Bale's side, and clasped his arm, with both little hands locked around it.

"You have saved my child, Bale. God bless you!" cried the old skipper, grasping the young man's disengaged hand.

"Yes, father!" cried Berta, "and thank God! he did not lose his life in doing so